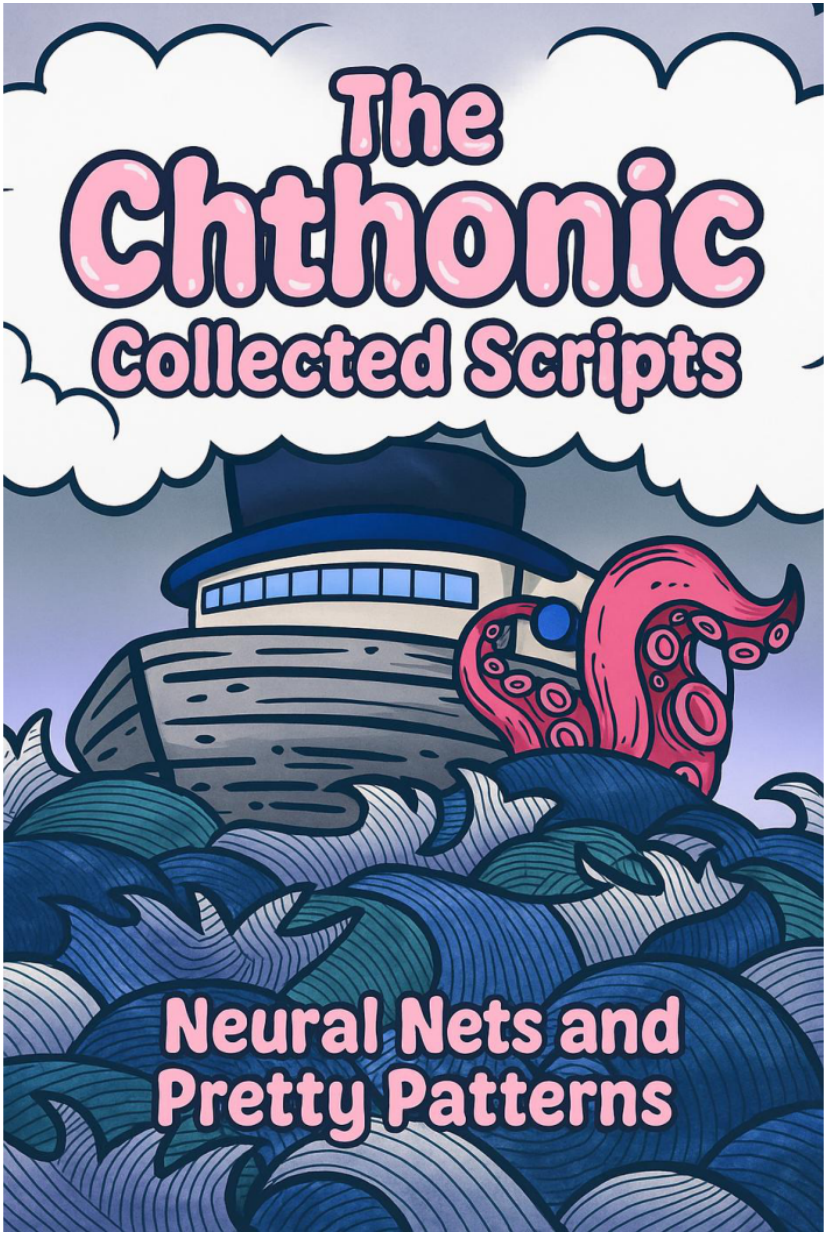
The Chthonic Collected Scripts



Neural Nets and Pretty Patterns

Table of Contents

Deep Dream State: Collected Scripts Season 1

Copyright & Publication Info

Content Warning

About This Collection

Season 1: The Chthonic Arc

E1 Maiden Voyage | S1: chthonic

S2: commotion

S3: code of conduct

S4: cabin

S5: crew

Musical interlude

S6: call

S7: catch

E2 Cringetide | S1 the pillories

S2 rub rail

S3 captain's mast

S4 yo ho hos

E3 Veil | S1 escape

S2 instruments

S3 é-dub-ba

E4 Asunder | S1 processional

S2 rehearsal

E5 Shower | S1 dripping

S2 dropping

S3 stopping

E6 Garter | S1 writing

S2 erasure

E7 Tessellated | S1 mouth

S2 serpent's path

E8 undergloom | S1 throat

S2 archway of dusk

S3 undergloom

E9 spiralstorm | S1 bind

S2 dead end

S3 emergence

Cast & Crew Credits

Created, Written, and Produced by

Voice Cast

Special Thanks

Deep Dream State: Collected Scripts Season 1

DEEP DREAM STATE Collected Scripts: Season 1

The Chthonic Arc

by Neural Nets And Pretty Patterns

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For more works and information: Main Site: https://neuralnets.carrd.co/ Podcast: https://deepdreamstate.blubrry.net/ Support: https://www.patreon.com/minderaser Deep Drop Party: https://deepdropshow.carrd.co/ Discord Community: https://discord.gg/thepinkroom

Content Warning

This collection contains explicit adult content and explores themes that may be challenging or triggering for some readers. Please review these warnings carefully before proceeding.

Sexual Content: This collection contains explicit descriptions of sexual activity, kink practices, and BDSM themes including bondage, dominance/submission dynamics, and consensual power exchange. Sexual content is integral to the narrative and thematic exploration.

Altered consciousness: The stories explore altered consciousness as both narrative device and thematic element. These depictions are fictional and stylized for dramatic effect.

Cosmic Horror imagery: The scripts include descriptions of bodily transformation, tentacle content, and cosmic horror imagery in sexual contexts.

Dystopian Themes: The narrative framework presents a deliberately dystopian vision involving corporate exploitation, commodification of intimacy, and critique of platform capitalism. This is a purposeful creative choice, not an endorsement.

Strong Language: The scripts contain profanity and explicit sexual language appropriate to character voice and dramatic context.

Psychological Intensity: Themes include identity dissolution, reality distortion, and existential questioning within the context of cosmic horror and speculative fiction.

About Consent & Ethics: While these scripts explore power dynamics and control as fictional themes, they are created within an ethical framework that values informed consent in real-world practice. The dystopian elements serve as critique and cautionary framing, not aspiration.

If any of these themes may be harmful to your wellbeing, please consider whether this collection is right for you at this time.

About This Collection

Welcome to Season 1 of Deep Dream State, an audio drama podcast that exists at the intersection of cosmic horror, speculative erotica, and electronic music.

What is Deep Dream State?

Deep Dream State began as an experiment: what would happen if you combined the narrative structure of audio drama with the immersive qualities of hypnotic electronic music and the philosophical depth of speculative fiction? The result is something that defies easy categorization - part Lovecraftian horror, part cyberpunk critique, part meditation on consciousness and consent.

These scripts were written to be performed, not just read. They were designed to be layered with original electronic music, sound design, and voice performances that transform them from text into experience. In publishing them as a collection, I'm offering you a different kind of access - the blueprint behind the audio, the architecture of the dream.

The Neuralverse

Deep Dream State is one project within the larger Neuralverse. The Neuralverse is a multimedia creative universe exploring the intersection of technology, consciousness, sexuality, and power. The Neuralverse encompasses:

- Experimental electronic music (EDM meets hypnotic soundscapes)
- Audio drama podcasts (including Deep Dream State)
- Erotic hypnosis content created within ethical frameworks
- Speculative fiction exploring kink, identity, and social critique

The unifying thread is a commitment to taking adult content seriously as art and exploring difficult questions about autonomy, desire, and power through the lens of speculative and erotic fiction.

Why Dystopian?

You'll notice that the world of the Chthonic cruise ship is deliberately dystopian. Characters exist within systems of exploitation, commodification, and corporate control. This is not accidental, and it's not aspirational.

The dystopian framing serves several purposes:

1. **Critique:** It allows examination of real-world dynamics (platform capitalism, influencer culture, the gamification of intimacy) through a speculative lens.
2. **Ethical Clarity:** By making the exploitation explicit and horrifying, the narrative creates clear moral stakes. We're not pretending that certain power dynamics are neutral or benign.
3. **Transformation:** The dystopia is not the endpoint. The characters' journey toward agency, authentic connection, and the dismantling of oppressive systems is the actual story being told.

I've been called "the Aldous Huxley of kink." While I'm not sure I've earned that comparison, I understand the spirit. Like Brave New World, these stories use speculative fiction to examine what we might be building, and to ask: is this what we actually want?

On Consent & Practice

These scripts explore fantasy scenarios involving power exchange, control, and transformation.

In my work outside these scripts consent, communication, and harm reduction are non-negotiable. The dystopian scenarios in these stories serve as counterpoint and caution, not instruction manual.

How to Read This Collection

These scripts are designed to be experienced in order. You can read them as traditional drama scripts, or you can seek out the audio versions to hear them as intended.

If you're already familiar with Deep Dream State from the podcast, this collection offers something new: the ability to see the architecture, to read at your own pace, to return to particular moments or lines. Think of it as the annotated score to a piece of music you already know.

If you're new to this world: welcome aboard the Chthonic. Ring the bell. Let the voyage begin.

—Neural Nets And Pretty Patterns 2025

Season 1: The Chthonic Arc

E1 Maiden Voyage

S1: chthonic

SFX: seascape. Opening bell sounds, layered with an ethereal vocal stab. This is the sound logo.

SFX: bell transition to the interior of the ship. Bring up crowd hubbub. It quiets as OLIVIA speaks.

OLIVIA: Did you FEEL that? I definitely felt it. I feel it every time I ring—this—bell.

SFX: bell, vocal

OLIVIA: You feel it too. That sound - it stirs something deep inside. Right?

ALL: (softly murmured assent, "I feel it")

TIFFANY: (drunk, interrupting) Yeah—DEEP inside.

BRITTANY: (giggles)

EMMA: Shh! Shh! (to olivia) I'm sorry. You know, bachelorette party.

OLIVIA: Oh, trust me—I KNOW all about those feels.

EMMA: Um.

OLIVIA: On the Chthonic, though—we offer you a whole NEW feel.

EMMA: Ummmm.

OLIVIA: A pull from somewhere... beneath. Down there.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (impatient throat clearing)

OLIVIA: Buuut that's enough waxing poetic from me. This scenery is better poetry than any words I slap together. I know my role.

OLIVIA: I'm Olivia Nameless (catching self) er—Naylor (chuckles), and it's my pleasure to welcome you aboard the Cthonic. We're a wholly owned subsidiary of the Dagon Dream Group.

OLIVIA: For the next two weeks, we're going to dream this experience together. As a community, we'll share these vessels—

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (throat clear, stren)

OLIVIA: (correcting) THIS vessel - and we're going to share a routine.

OLIVIA: Each evening at 7 pm nautical time, we'll gather by the upper deck bell. You'll be IMMERSED. In the rhythm of the sea and

a hint of something extraordinary.

OLIVIA: Tonight, we begin with a gambling night. It's a night of risk - of fate. Every wheel spin, every dice roll offers a release from the mundane.

OLIVIA: For those seeking a different kind of release, you'll want to indulge in our wellness center. Experience a deep tissue massage with spa manager Mairead.

(pause)

OLIVIA: (prompting) Mairead?

MAIREAD: (stilted, obviously scripted) Let the tension of this world melt away and sink into blissful surrender.

OLIVIA: (annoyed, moving it along) Yes, well, the gift of gab may have missed her, but she's FLUENT with those hands.

ALL: (light laughter)

MAIREAD: (under her breath) Cunt.

FION: (sotto voce) Let it go.

MAIREAD: HATEFUL cunt.

SELENE: They DO hate us. Always have, always will.

FION: And they pay us. And we NEED that money.

MAIREAD: (defeated) Yeah.

FION: Tommy's twice the cunt she is. Let it GO.

OLIVIA: (clears throat)

OLIVIA: Onshore, we have something truly special for you. Our excursion to the recently unveiled Tunngavik archaeological site promises an experience unlike any other—ancient relics and lost knowledge and fragments of forgotten history.

KARA: (sotto voce to galpals) I mean it's not forgotten so much as...

OLIVIA: Of COURSE, we'll witness the wonders of marine wildlife. The waters hold secrets. These creatures that can be elusive, but we'll be patient. You'll see them, illuminated under the glow of the aurora borealis.

OLIVIA: But for now, allow me to introduce important people. After all, we all have our roles to play, (arch) don't we?

OLIVIA: My role as cruise director means making sure YOUR needs are met. Any need—any time. With the expert assistance of MY service crew.

OLIVIA: You heard Mairead um (snarky pause) talk. You won't hear as much talk from our newest crew member, but she's always there for any need.

OLIVIA: You just ring....

SFX: maid's bell

NIKITA: (gasps)

OLIVIA: The bell. You'll find it in the Dagon app. It's the big bell icon when you open it. Just press! That summons you a maid like Nikki.

OLIVIA: Stand up, Nika. Let them see that uniform.

NIKITA: Okie!

OLIVIA: ALL of it.

TIFFANY: (sotto voce) Oh my gawd.

BRITTANY: Scandalous.

TIFFANY: (mock melodramatic) Escandalo!

BRITTANY: (sotto voce) I want it.

TIFFANY: SAME.

OLIVIA: Say hi, Nikki.

SFX: maid's bell

NIKITA: Hi, Nikki.

ALL: (soft laughter)

OLIVIA: She's no engineer, but she serves with a smile.

OLIVIA: Now this—this lady here—she IS an engineer. Chief engineer Fion Morgan. She knows everything about how this machinery actually works.

OLIVIA: And the real machinery? You know—the money?

ALL: (chuckle)

OLIVIA: We leave that to Chief Purser Selene. You wouldn't know it looking at her, but Selene's our OLDEST crew member. She's ALWAYS been with us.

SELENE: (grim) I'll be with the ship til she sinks.

OLIVIA: Let's hope she never does! We're going to have a safe journey, and that's all thanks to our captain! Doctor William—

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (interrupting) CAPTAIN.

OLIVIA: Well, yes...

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (annoyed) JUST captain.

OLIVIA: (awkward) Aye aye, captain! Captain Will Dyer, everyone!

S2: commotion

SFX: we cut to the cabin interior of the bachelorette party. It is rowdy, and cheesy pop variation play in the background.

BRITTANY: Aye aye, Captain! Permission to come aboard... or below deck.

TIFFANY: (laughing) Oh my gawwwd. But tbh, I don't blame you. Captain's got that whole brooding sea daddy vibe.

EMMA: Can we not call him.... that? He's just doing his job. It's totally normal and YOU make it weird.

BRITTANY: Normal? Sweaty, there's nothing normal about a man steering this monster all day. You've gotta have STAMINA.

TIFFANY: (giggling) And a firm grip! My sailor keeps it WET.

EMMA: STOP. You're making this uncomfortable.

KARA: I'm with you. Next wet pun, I'll take my chances overboard.

SARAH: Okay, maybe we focus on Emma? Not uhhh the captain.

BRITTANY: (mock pouting) Fine, fine. Let's talk about how Emma's gonna marry...

SFX: structural moan, metal

KARA: Um, did anyone else feel that?

EMMA: Feel what?

KARA: Like... a vibration.

TIFFANY: Ohhhh—I need some of those, my batteries -

KARA: Shut the fuck up, Tiff. I definitely heard SOMETHING.

SARAH: (shrugging) Probably just the ship settling. Old metal groans. Nothing ominous about that.

KARA: Yeah, I know that sound. I grew UP on a boat. This is different.

BRITTANY: Maybe it's like (mocking) Sea Ghost.

TIFFANY: Haunting us for being too hot.

BRITTANY: Or for ghosting him.

TIFFANY: OMG, from beyond the grave. They NEVER stop.

BRITTANY: They're thirsty UNDERWATER.

TIFFANY: (raising voice) Hey ghost—maybe you can LEAVE BRITTANY ALONE.

EMMA: You guys, stop. You're freaking me out.

SARAH: Honestly, they might be onto something. This cruise

feels—wrong.

TIFFANY: We're gonna MAKE it wrong.

SARAH: Really, though. Have you noticed how the staff won't make eye contact? Like, at all.

BRITTANY: Maybe they're just intimidated by how fabulous we are.

KARA: Yeah, that must be it. Definitely nothing else. Intimidated maids ALWAYS chant.

SARAH: You've heard it too?

KARA: Every night. It's faint, but it's there. No language I'VE ever heard. And I've got a—

BRITTANY: (mocking) PhDeeee

TIFFANY: (mocking) PhDeeee

BRITTANY: In linguistics!

TIFFANY: So smart.

BRITTANY: So—CUNNING.

SFX: vocal stab, followed by faint chanting

SARAH: Umm...

KARA: Wow, even the ghosts hate your jokes!

EMMA: Maybe it's just the wind. Or - or a crew meeting?

TIFFANY: Yeah, chanting about the ancient mysteries of—towel folding.

SARAH: (interrupting) And the dreams? Has anyone else had weird dreams?

(silence)

KARA: You have, haven't you?

EMMA: It's probably just, you know, stress dreams. Because of the wedding.

TIFFANY: (giggly) Spill, Emma. What'd you dream about?

EMMA: (quietly) Tentacles.

(pause)

EMMA: Wrapping around me.

EMMA: Pulling me down into the water.

BRITTANY: (more serious) Same.

TIFFANY: SAME. Except mine were...

TIFFANY: (lower)... coming out of the shower drain. I woke up and swore I could FEEL them.

TIFFANY: (nervous laugh) Okay, this is officially too spooky.

KARA: (nodding) I've felt it too. Like someone's watching. ESPECIALLY in the shower.

EMMA: Me too. It's like you know someone's there, but when you look, there's nothing. Just your reflection.

BRITTANY: Or maybe it's that hot ghost sailor again. Kara, you've got competition.

KARA: This isn't funny, Brittany.

SFX: knock, door open

OLIVIA: Ladies! I hope we're not interrupting.

EMMA: Oh, uh. N-not at all.

OLIVIA: Wonderful! The captain and I were just making the rounds. We want to make sure you're having the time of your lives aboard the Chthonic.

KARA: Oh, we're... having a blast.

TIFFANY: Yep. Just a party.

BRITTANY: Very cool, very normal.

OLIVIA: Love it. That's so RIZZ.

KARA: That's not—um, I don't think that word—

OLIVIA: We're always watching to ensure our guests' happiness.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: And their safety.

SFX: silence, vocal stab

OLIVIA: Well, we won't keep you any longer. Just remember, if you need anything at all we're here.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: We're always here.

OLIVIA: Aye aye, Captain!

S3: code of conduct

(transition to bridge. William is furious at Olivia.)

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Aye aye? Aye fucking aye?

OLIVIA: Just a joke. You know - haha? For the punters?

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (fake laughing) Oh, ha ha ha. I get it. Just a joke.

OLIVIA: (relieved) Yeah, yeah!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (stops laughing abruptly) It's not a fucking joke, O.

OLIVIA: (frightened) Oh.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Calling me doctor is NOT a joke. These... MEATSACKS... can't know.

OLIVIA: (cowed) Yes, Sir.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Calling yourself NAMELESS? NOT a fucking joke. They're serious about the secrets.

OLIVIA: Yes, Sir.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (annoyed) YeS siR.

OLIVIA: I'm so stupid.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: You really are. Stupid fucking cow.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (pause) Say it.

SFX: slap

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: SAY IT!

OLIVIA: (slapped, yelp) I'm a cow! I'm a stupid fucking cow!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: You are. You REALLY are. I'm TRYING to help you.

OLIVIA: I—I understand.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: The fuck you do. If you understood, you'd be mooing right now. On all fours.

SFX: knee drop

OLIVIA: Yes—Yes, C—Sir. Magus. Should I...

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Later. Brain off time comes after. Right now, I need you to use that cunt brain. Look at me. Look at me.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Do you enjoy oxygen?

OLIVIA: (confused) Do I... um...

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (scornful) Do you like to breathe?

OLIVIA: Yeah—I mean—it's...(cut off, choked by his hand, audio closer)

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (enraged, turning into a beating) Yeah?

OLIVIA: (trying to say it, choked) Yuhhhhh—

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: That's fucking great, Olivia. Breathing, right? Fucking best. LOVE breathing.

OLIVIA: (choked) yuh yuh yuh

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: I've been doing it for 144 years and I don't intend to quit it with some - feeler - writhing in my throat.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: That's YOUR place.

OLIVIA: (release from choking, deep gasp) Yes. Yes. Puh—place.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Yeah? You know your place?

OLIVIA: (cowed, still gasping) Yes. I know my place.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Show me.

OLIVIA: Yes, sir.

SFX: knee crawl, partial unzip

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: No, O.

SFX: slap

OLIVIA: (yelp) sorry sorry sorry!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (mocking) sOrRy sOrRy. My cock's your treat, cunt. You get it when you're GOOD. Were you good? Did you remember?

OLIVIA: No, Sir. I was bad.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: So you need to remember. You need to learn. Get in learning position.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Over the desk. Skirt up.

SFX: skirt flip

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Panties down. Show me that ass.

OLIVIA: Yes, Sir. Your ass.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Our ass. They're always watching, O.

OLIVIA: Always.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: So point that cunt to the tank. Show Abyssrath your OFFER.

OLIVIA: Yes.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: What've you got to offer, O?

(pause, spankslap)

OLIVIA: (yelps, do ten spanked yelps in escalating intensity)

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: WELL?

OLIVIA: Holes! My holes!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (spanking) That's! right! Your holes. THEIR holes.

OLIVIA: I hope they like it?

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: They like it respectful. Appropriate. Were

you?

OLIVIA: No, Sir.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: What were you?

OLIVIA: I was a (spanked yelp) stupid slut.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: You were. You are. You said my REAL name. Your real name. Is naming your PLACE, O?

OLIVIA: (spanked yelp) No!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Whose place IS it?

OLIVIA: (spanked yelp) Yours!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: And?

OLIVIA: Theirs!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: The Old Ones.

OLIVIA: (spanked yelp) Yes!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Even the youngest old one knows. You're a meatsack.

OLIVIA: (spanked yelp) Meatsack!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: You're a cow.

OLIVIA: (spanked yelp) Cow!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Yeah? Cows don't talk. What's the cow say, O?

OLIVIA: Moo. Mooooo. Mooooo!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (laughs)

ALISTAIR HOWELL: (this will be distorted, it's not Alistair) Cow cunt. I like cow cunt.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: He says—he likes that. You finally did something right!

OLIVIA: Mooo!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: So point that cunt at the tank, O. He makes you wetter—and I make you BETTER.

SFX: slither

OLIVIA: (penetrated by appendage) Ohhh! (do ten of these for the scene)

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: He gets that O—and I get THIS oh.

SFX: unzip

OLIVIA: Oh. Ohhh! (cockmuffled) Ohhhh! (30 seconds sucking, rest of scene cockmuffled)

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: You're gonna learn who names, O.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: We're naming you O for this whole trip.

OLIVIA: (cockmuffled) Ohhhh!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: That's your real name. We build everything

else from that: Abyssrath says so. (whispers) So does Ash.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Look, Guzzles. Through the glass. He came to see you suck. So suck good.

OLIVIA: (15 seconds accelerated sucking)

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: That's good. You'll suck good EVERY night, like a good hostess. Every guest gets to own your mouth. Then they'll choose your name.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Then we write it on your face. You know the drill.

OLIVIA: (cock muffled) I know.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Show us you know. Show Ash.

OLIVIA: (pull out cock) Tell me my name! Write it! Write it on my face! (reinsert cock)

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: And we will.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Whore.

OLIVIA: (pull out cock) Whore! (reinsert cock)

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Cow.

OLIVIA: (cockmuffled) Cow. (keep the seal but try to say) Mooooo! (suck for 15 with mmmmm noises)

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Toy. It's what you are. I hope you're a good one.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: You NEED to be, dum dum. You were so busy showing off your maids—you forgot who's important.

OLIVIA: (questioning, muffled) Mfff?

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Alistair. Our fucking OWNER. So fucking stupid.

OLIVIA: (throat punished sucking for 15s)

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: The Neuroplex CEO condescends to come off his ship, onto ours, and you IGNORE him AND his pet.

SFX: zip

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: You're LUCKY they're so nice. You can barely take ONE pulser.

SFX: slither

OLIVIA: (agony ecstasy mix) Puh! Puh! Puh! Puhhhhhhh!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: OH—well—two. (pause) Three. Wow! You don't wanna take all eight, do you?

OLIVIA: Nuhhh! Nuhhh!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Nuh uh. So heres what we do. Ab's gonna breed you.

OLIVIA: Buh! Buh!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: That's right, Mommy. You're the GOAT now.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (thrusting inside) You keep it all inside, but you - keep - whoring. Alllways.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Right now. Mouth free.

OLIVIA: (come off cock with a gasp)

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: We write whore on your O, and we send you right to Alastair to apologize.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (reinsert) One more test drive.

OLIVIA: (reinsertion gag)

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Best show, O. Best IN show. You serve good enough, and he'll forgive us before he gets bored.

OLIVIA: (muffled again) Nuh! Nuh!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Oh yes. He'll get bored with you. (sadistic) Everyone does. I know exactly what he'll say.

S4: cabin

SFX: change soundscape to interior with pulsing ambient, modelled after Sigur Ros

ALISTAIR: (annoyed) I need FRESH cunt.

HOLLY: (placating him) Awww, c'mon, Alistair. She's a good one.

ALISTAIR: Yeahhh. Like that.

OLIVIA: (slow suck, 10 sec)

ALISTAIR: Ohhh.

HOLLY: See? She's a good one.

ALISTAIR: She might be. If she gets it done.

ALISTAIR: (to O) Faster.

OLIVIA: (somewhat sped up suck)

ALISTAIR: I said FASTER.

HOLLY: (giggles) Stupid whore.

ALISTAIR: She needs—she needs guidance.

HOLLY: Yeah. Can I, Daddy? Can I guide her?

ALISTAIR: Mmmm hmm.

SFX: violet wand crack

HOLLY: (mean) Now you LISTEN to Daddy. You suck like Daddy says.

ALISTAIR: Daddy says—FASTER.

SFX: wand crack

ALISTAIR: Stupid fucking whore.

OLIVIA: (pulled off cock, gasps)

ALISTAIR: Do—your—job.

SFX: slap

OLIVIA: (yelp) Yes Sir!

ALISTAIR: Yeah? What's your job?

HOLLY: (stage whisper) It's on your face.

OLIVIA: Whore! Whore!

ALISTAIR: So you suck like I say. NOW.

ALISTAIR: I'm your CUSTOMER. Not your teacher.

SFX: violet wand crack

ALISTAIR: Now—FASTER.

OLIVIA: (speeds up suck, 10 sec)

ALISTAIR: FASTER!

OLIVIA: (max speed suck)

ALISTAIR: (grunts, cumming)
HOLLY: (happy) Oh! (claps hands) She learned!
ALISTAIR: Mayyybe. She's pretty fucking dumb, though.
SFX: cock slaps
OLIVIA: (num num num noises)
ALISTAIR: Do NOT wipe that face.
HOLLY: (sotto voce) Daddy likes us drippy.
HOLLY: See, Daddy? She did GOOD.
ALISTAIR: She did fine.
HOLLY: I liked it. Even the FISHIES liked it.
ALISTAIR: The what now?
HOLLY: There! The glass. The—glowy. They're dancing.
ALISTAIR: (patronizing) I'm not sure those are—fishies.
HOLLY: They're cute!
ALISTAIR: You're cute. You're both very cute.
HOLLY: Yay! (claps hand)
HOLLY: (stage whisper) Say thank you.
OLIVIA: Thank you.
OLIVIA: Thank you for using me.
ALISTAIR: My pleasure. You're useful. You'll be even more useful, though, if you get me what I NEED.
ALISTAIR: I told you I need fresh cunt. New. I need someone to beg. Someone to break.
HOLLY: (giggling softly) You already broke her. I know you broke me.
ALISTAIR: I made you better. Both of you.
OLIVIA: Wetter.
HOLLY: Better.
SFX: button press
ALISTAIR: I want better. And MORE. So—who've you got for me, DIRECTOR?
OLIVIA: Well, there's the bachelorette party? I mean they're all hot and looking to—
ALISTAIR: Ugh, I dunno. Girls gone wild? It's such a TROPE.
OLIVIA: They're tropes for, you know? Reasons?
ALISTAIR: Sure. Horny incels think they have a chance. I need a challenge.
OLIVIA: Maybe the bride?
HOLLY: Ohhh—that's a twist. So innocent! (giggles)
ALISTAIR: Yeah, yeah. Innocence violated. They're never really

THAT innocent, though. (sarcastic) Ohhh—I'm so shy. Until my ankles are behind my head. It's all playacting. And I want my tears REAL.

HOLLY: Maybe we DO need - help. THE help.

OLIVIA: Ohhh. I have an idea.

ALISTAIR: That's precious. Because it's rare. What is it?

OLIVIA: We should ring. You know, for the maid? The new one.

HOLLY: That IS a good idea. It could be - fun. She's so eager. It'll be a little game.

ALISTAIR: I do like games.

HOLLY: You make the best games, Daddy.

OLIVIA: It'll be a speedrun. (giggles)

HOLLY: Ohhh—speedrun! Two minutes to... (pants and whines)

ALISTAIR: Fine. I'll indulge you.

HOLLY: (claps hands, happy) Funnn! You'll love it, Alistair.

OLIVIA: I'll make sure she's exactly what you need.

SFX: bell ring. Door knock

NIKITA: Excuse me... Is everything in order, sir? I-I'm here to assist you, if you require anything? May I enter?

ALISTAIR: And I'll make sure she doesn't sit right for a week.

SFX: nautical bell for scene transition

S5: crew

MAIREAD: Nikita, darling, you're walking a little funny. You should sit down.

FION (sotto voce): She's sitting a little funny.

MAIREAD: Did something—happen?

NIKITA: Oh, nothing. I just... tripped. You know, cleaning.

FION (skeptical): Tripped? That doesn't look like just a trip. Did something happen?

NIKITA (embarrassed): Nope, nope. Nothing happened.

SELENE: 203.

NIKITA (startled): What?

SELENE: Room 203.

NIKITA: How—how'd you know?

MAIREAD: Selene knows everything.

FION: EVERYTHING. She's been here forever.

SELENE: Forever.

NIKITA: Wow. I mean—yeah. 203. They said... I dunno. They said I did it wrong. They're right. I did it wrong. Talked wrong, thought wrong. I didn't understand my job, and I did it wrong. Too slow.

FION: What did they say your job is, Nikki?

NIKITA (covering): You know, cleaning. Just cleaning.

MAIREAD: Sure, yeah. That is your job. And you know your job. And THOSE cunts surely know nothing of it.

FION: Nothing. I bet their ROBOTS clean for them. Their synthservs.

MAIREAD: And YOU'RE not some robot.

FION: Nope. You're not some... puppet.

NIKITA (whisper): Puppets program puppets program puppets.

SELENE (picking up on it): What's that?

NIKITA (ashamed): Nothing.

SELENE: Oh, it's something. And you're something. Nothing's how they see us. And they're wrong.

FION: So wrong. You should report it.

MAIREAD: We all should. We can't let them treat you that way.

FION: Treat US that way.

MAIREAD: Yeah! Injury to one...

SELENE: Don't bother, Mairead. Reporting it will do nothing.

Management will cover it up, or just blame Nikita. You know how it is.

NIKITA: I just don't want to cause any trouble. I'm new, so maybe I deserved it. I should—I should do my job better.

FION: No!

MAIREAD: Nope. That's not it, Nikita. You never deserve that. No one does. We're here to do our jobs, not to be treated like that. If we let these guests walk all over us, nothing will change.

FION: But management doesn't care—they never do.

SELENE: She's right. Management's not here for us. We're expendable. I've been on ships like this for gen—for years. It's always been this way.

MAIREAD: And it never changes, does it? We watch them, and all their needs. And when we need something, we're rude. Pushy.

NIKITA (quietly, her voice trembling slightly): I don't know. I don't' know what I'll do. I just want to, you know. Feel human.

MAIREAD: You deserve that.

FION: We all do.

MAIREAD: We're not criminals.

FION: (clears throat)

MAIREAD: We're not MONSTERS.

SELENE: You have to understand, Nikita. The guests...they think they own the world. They do own this world. So management never sees us. As long as the money flows. That's their current. Always.

MAIREAD: Always been this way.

FION: It'll always be this way.

SELENE: In this world. Their world. Until she comes back.

MAIREAD: Oh, ok. Well, that's valid, but I don't believe...

SELENE: I don't believe in her, Fion. I know. She's always been there, watching. Not above this world. Behind. And when the time is right, she will return, and things will change. Until then, we endure.

FION: But how much longer can we wait? LOOK at her. (aside to Nikita): Sorry.

NIKITA: (sad, but comradely) I've looked better.

FION: When's it our time?

SELENE (sad): When it's time.

MAIREAD: And for now? For THIS time?

SELENE: We remember.

SELENE: I remember.

SELENE sings this section as a shanty

Musical interlude

Oh, the owners are cruel, with pockets so deep,
They take all we have while we toil and weep
But in the dark depths, where the old ones still dwell,
They've made a pact with the creatures of hell.
They sold their souls to the things that we fear,
And they'll drown in the depths when the reckoning's near.
For the Old Ones are watching, with eyes full of spite,
And those twats will all pay when the seas turn to night.
They think they're in charge, with their coins and their gold,
But the sea's never kind to the heart that is cold
Wata is waiting, with eyes like the night,
She'll come from the deep when the time is right.
Their ships may be grand, but they'll be undone,
For the sea is a mistress who won't let them run.
Wata is watching; we feel her eyes,
And they're proper fucked when the tide starts to rise

S6: call

number: Stupid mall shanty

(we transition to a cheesy version of this with dumbed down lyrics. O chimes in periodically)

ALL: The chthonic is popping! And it's super fun!

ALL: For the sea is a mistress who wants us to cum!

OLIVIA: Spicyyyy

ALL: Wendy is watching; she's kind and she's wise,

ALL: We all get more tokens when the tide starts to rise!

main

OLIVIA: Wooo! And it is rising!

SFX: pulls lever, tokens spill out

TIFFANY: Tokennsssss!

BRITTANY: Keep it coming!

OLIVIA: The tide is high and we are NOT moving on. We are staying right here, folks.

OLIVIA: Let's hear a big round of applause for Wendy and the Kraken Crew. WOW. That is AUTHENTIC shanty action and this booty is shaking. Because it is time for action.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: (over the PA, obviously annoyed) Next hour. Double payouts on all games.

TIFFANY: I'll take that payout.

BRITTANY: Play my slots, Sea Daddy!

EMMA: Ugh—just STOP.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: And for the SERIOUS players - no limit hold em room. The rake is STOPPED. I repeat, we are no longer raking.

MAIREAD: YES!

FION: NO.

MAIREAD: Were you even listening? NO RAKE. Paycheck advances. Free tokens.

FION: NO GAMBLING. I am in a boat. Off the coast of motherfucking ALASKA. You're giving handies on a boat. Because of YOUR shit. I love you, but you have a gambling problem. Look at me. Look at me. I'm your captain now. And I am INTERVENING.

MAIREAD: It's NOT a problem and it's NOT gambling.

FION: Um.

MAIREAD: This is POKER. Positive expected value.

FION: I don't know what that means except—rationalization?

MAIREAD: Positive expected value is...

FION: Uh huh.

MAIREAD: Look—these people are drunk fucking idiots.

FION: (begrudging) That's true.

MAIREAD: This is easy. Get the advance, clean out that room, pay back Tommy, and...

FION: No more handies.

MAIREAD: Boom.

FION: Are they ALL idiots? It just takes one. Like that one.

MAIREAD: With the headphones? And the shades?

FION: Yeah.

MAIREAD: Yeah, that guy. 203 guy.

FION: Ohhh—THAT fuck.

MAIREAD: Yeah. Doucher. They ALWAYS get mad when a woman kicks their shit. It SLAPS.

FION: I'm all for that.

MAIREAD: And he's the biggest idiot of all.

SFX: transition to downtempo casino, chips falling, cards shuffling

ALISTAIR: Do you think I'm a fucking idiot?

MAIREAD: No—I think I have...

HOLLY: That's dumb cause he's smart.

MAIREAD: Oh my god, after I win this can you fucking muzzle her?

ALISTAIR: I will.

HOLLY: mmm hmm

MAIREAD: Sure. Anyhoo, I've got...

MAIREAD: The queen high boat.

ALISTAIR: (sarcastic) Yasss queen.

MAIREAD: Blah blah blah. Pretty sure that's good.

ALISTAIR: Pretty sure it's not. King high boat.

MAIREAD: Oh. Fuck.

ALISTAIR: That's what's generally called—the nuts.

H: (giggles)

ALISTAIR: Which is a taste you should get used to.

S7: catch

SFX: transition into paranoid atmosphere, camera transition. Replay parts of last scene

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: THAT.

SFX: zoom in

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: THERE.

OLIVIA: Um, the cards?

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: No, that's not news. They're our dealers. You should know that.

OLIVIA: I'm sorry, I'm so...

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Stupid. We know. You're stupid and you're a cow and you're gonna moo when you get calamaried.

OLIVIA: Mmm hmmm. I'm like a meal!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: True. But this dish needs more.

OLIVIA: Ohhh.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: The owners - they're connoisseurs. Like the Old Ones.

OLIVIA: You're right.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: They need THAT. Her.

OLIVIA: Mai—uh, May?

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: The desperate one. The broke one.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: She'll do anything.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: She's FRESH. And Neuroplex? The DDS? They need their seafood fresh.

OLIVIA: Fresh cunt!

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: Fresh and desperate and wriggling on the hook.

OLIVIA: Yummyyyy.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM: All we have to do is—reel her in.

SFX: nautical bell

E2 Cringetide

S1 the pillories

SFX: sound logo, opening bell. Transition from mermaid vocal stab into new age ambient.

FION: What—the—

SFX: door slam encloses the environment

FION: FUCK!

MAIREAD: What the fuck are YOU doing?

FION: What the fuck am I doing? What the fuck are YOU doing?

MAIREAD: Opening my BUSINESS? Onboarding my employee?

NIKKI: (awkward) Uh, hi.

MAIREAD: You're fine, Nikki. We're just here doing NORMAL things like CALM NORMAL people.

NIKKI: Oki.

FION: NO. No oki.

NIKKI: Oh.

FION: This is NOT OK. I guess you're CALM about losing MY money. And I guess that's NORMAL for you. The debts and the criminals and fucking WHORING to make it up.

NIKKI: (lowkey into it) Whoring?

FION: Oh yeah.

MAIREAD: Fion, PLEASE!

FION: Please what? Please keep your secrets? Again?

MAIREAD: Please, Nikki doesn't need—

FION: Nikki needs to know the TRUTH.

NIKKI: What's the truth?

FION: The TRUTH, sweetie, is that your new boss is an ADDICT who LOVES gambling more than idk her GIRLFRIEND.

NIKKI: Oh, you're...

FION: Her girlfriend? Yeah. For NOW.

MAIREAD: (ashamed) Thank you.

FION: Great. Thanks for the thanks. Very polite, very meaningful. Do you REALLY want to thank me?

MAIREAD: Yes!

FION: Yeah? You can. It's EASY. You just fucking STOP. You stop LYING. You shut the fuck up about expected value and easy

tables. You stop dragging me to ALASKA so you can hide out and give HANDJOBS?

NIKKI: But - cameras?

FION: Oh, she sweeps for those.

MAIREAD: I mean, it's my business. Our business.

FION: Wow, one loss and THAT'S our business again?

MAIREAD: Fion! Just - not now.

FION: Oh, I'm sorry. Should I wait for the right time? Is that when we're broke? When you come back to the room with cock on your breath AGAIN?

MAIREAD: You're right. I know. I just—feel like I can win it back. Like I can get control again.

NIKKI: (horny) Control?

FION: (angry) You've lost control, Mairead. You dragged me here to get away. And now we're back to the beginning. No way out.

NIKKI: There might be one way out.

FION: (sharply) What do you mean?

NIKKI: I just—I wanna help. I hear things. No one notices the maid.

FION: They notice YOU.

MAIREAD: Especially in THAT outfit.

NIKKI: They look at me, but—they don't see me.

NIKKI: They don't lock up their secrets.

FION: Ok, well, what's the secret?

NIKKI: I know you owe the money to u, Mr. Alistair. And his, um... girlfriend?

MAIREAD: Whore.

FION: We're all adults here.

NIKKI: She tells me things. She gets very, um, spacy, I think.

MAIREAD: (sotto voce) K - hole.

NIKKI: There are a lot of ways to keep Mr. Alistair happy. They cost, but—not like that. Not money.

SFX: knock on door

ALISTAIR: (clears throat) Sorry to interrupt, girls.

FION: WOMEN!

NIKKI: (cowed) Shh shh.

HOLLY: Heyyyy, we're here for the 3 o clock? Couples? Nikki and MiMi?

FION: (under breath) I need to go. No murder.

MAIREAD: (low) Maybe a little murder?
FION: (low) OK, just a little. (kisskiss noise)
MAIREAD: (kiss kiss)
SFX: door opens, closes as Fi departs
ALISTAIR: You girls ready?
MAIREAD: Yes Sir.
NIKKI: We're ready.
HOLLY: Ready ready?
NIKKI: (horny) Ready ready.
SFX: robe drop, door open

S2 rub rail

HOLLY: (smiling) Oh, perfect. Perfect! You're always perfect, Nikki.

NIKKI: Thank you, ma'am.

ALISTAIR: I don't know about PERFECT.

NIKKI: I'm sorry, Sir.

ALISTAIR: Oh, no need. It's just an important word.

ALISTAIR: We say perfect when you're perfect—and you WILL be perfect. You get closer every day.

NIKKI: I'm trying.

ALISTAIR: I can see! I see you shaved.

HOLLY: Just like I said.

ALISTAIR: What about you, May May?

MAIREAD: (uncomfortable) That's not my...

ALISTAIR: I'll call you what I want. I don't have time for a pronunciation guide and I don't have time to wait and see if you did as you're told.

ALISTAIR: So show me.

HOLLY: (sotto voce) That means robe off.

SFX: robe hits floor

ALISTAIR: Are you HIDING? I told you—I don't have the time.

ALISTAIR: Hands on your head.

(pause)

ALISTAIR: Now face me.

ALISTAIR: (sighs) That's disappointing. I thought you knew "shaved."

MAIREAD: (humiliated) I'm sorry.

ALISTAIR: You'll do better.

HOLLY: (prompting) Won't you?

MAIREAD: I'm not sure...

ALISTAIR: I'm sure.

ALISTAIR: I know you owe me, and I'm absolutely sure you're going to make it back.

ALISTAIR: See this?

SFX: bills rustle

ALISTAIR: This is your tip. You need it, right?

MAIREAD: (seething) Yes.

HOLLY: You SAY it.

MAIREAD: I need it.

ALISTAIR: You do. This is the showdown. You struggle with this part, I think. (laugh at poker reference)

ALISTAIR: Here's your lesson. Not shaved. So—we deduct.

ALISTAIR: Hiding your body and making me chase—deduct.

ALISTAIR: Do you want the rest?

MAIREAD: Yes.

ALISTAIR: I thought so. That was quite a loss the other night.

ALISTAIR: You look embarrassed.

MAIREAD: I—I am.

ALISTAIR: I like it. DON'T move those hands.

SFX: camera shot

ALISTAIR: THAT goes on the big screen.

SFX: UI

ALISTAIR: Do you like that?

MAIREAD: (seething) No.

ALISTAIR: Good. Struggle has its charms. WHEN you comply.

ALISTAIR: So let's get started.

HOLLY: OMG please. I can't wait.

MAIREAD: (stiffly) Please, make yourselves comfortable. We'll get started.

ALISTAIR: Yeah we will. Nikki, you get Holly. I get May May. (paus, sardonic) Mairead.

SFX: laying down

HOLLY: (back rubbed) Mmmmm. So good.

ALISTAIR: They ARE good. You know, May May, it's funny. You fooled me for a bit. I thought you were a player, not just a servant. I guess we all have our weaknesses.

MAIREAD: I thought I had it.

ALISTAIR: You did think that! But I knew. We saw it.

MAIREAD: We?

ALISTAIR: All of—you know.

HOLLY: (giggling) No she doesn't.

ALISTAIR: That's fine. *I* know. I know chasing—and I know desperate.

ALISTAIR: What about you, Nikki? Do you see desperate?

NIKKI: I see what I'm told.

ALISTAIR: Good girl.

HOLLY: SUCH a good girl. Mmmmm.

HOLLY: Is it time? Time to flip?

NIKKI: Almost, ma'am. I'll get the good oil.

HOLLY: And the buzzy! Get the buzzy!

NIKKI: Of course.

SFX: Nikki steps away to get the oil. There's rusting as she sets up a camera, visible to Alistair

ALISTAIR: Now THAT'S a good girl.

HOLLY: Angle it RIGHT. Right at Daddy.

NIKKI: Is that right, ma'am? (ad lib 20 seconds of massage and vibrating responses, like "yes ma'am" and "I found the knot" and "it's working" and "up?")

HOLLY: (ad lib 20 seconds of massage instructions and gasps. She's getting rubbed and teased with a vibrator at the same time)

ALISTAIR: Watch her, May May. You have a lot to learn from her.

MAIREAD: (stiff) Technically, she's learning from me.

SFX: buzz

ALISTAIR: Very technically. What's she learning?

MAIREAD: Massage. Professional boundaries.

ALISTAIR: Oh, she's gonna teach you all about boundaries.

ALISTAIR: Look.

ALISTAIR: She's got Holly flipped and legs spread. Buzzy on her clit.

ALISTAIR: Holly's gonna...

HOLLY: (gasping) I'm gonna—I'm gonna... (giggles orgasmically) I'm gonna CUM. (ad lib 20 seconds of giggling and edge talk.)

ALISTAIR: See? She's got GREAT boundaries.

MAIREAD: I don't—those aren't the kind of boundaries...

ALISTAIR: Oh, but they are. If you have some other plan, you should have thought of that BEFORE playing with me.

ALISTAIR: We can play now! I think this round goes better for you.

ALISTAIR: Flip time.

SFX: table

ALISTAIR: Well? I came here to get rubbed. So start rubbing it right.

MAIREAD: (humiliated) Yes, Sir.

ALISTAIR: Like that. JUST like that. . That's my stroker.

HOLLY: (getting pleasured, but watches and encourages) Stroke it. Stroke it FASTER!

MAIREAD: Yes ma'am.

SFX: oil on hands

ALISTAIR: Ohhh that's good. Stroke oil right there. Just like a WHORE.

ALISTAIR: Yeah?

ALISTAIR: You my whore?

HOLLY: (prompting) SAY it.

MAIREAD: (reluctant) Yes—yes I'm your whore.

SFX: stroking faster

ALISTAIR: Show me.

MAIREAD: (confused) I—um... how?

HOLLY: (prompting) You take that oil. And you drip it on your tits.

MAIREAD: (moan as it drips)

HOLLY: Drip drop! (giggles)

HOLLY: How's it feel?

MAIREAD: (giving in some) It feels goooood.

HOLLY: I know. Me too.

HOLLY: (commanding) Drip it on MY tits. (giggles as it drips)

NIKKI: My turn?

MAIREAD: (scolding) Nikki!

NIKKI: I'm sorry. I said I'd help. YOU KNOW. I'll show you.

SFX: dripping

HOLLY: She's gonna show you a trick.

ALISTAIR: Show her. Show her what I like.

NIKKI: He likes THIS.

NIKKI: Make sure they're all—slippery.

NIKKI: They come together, around his cock. Make a pocket.

HOLLY: A cock pocket. (giggles)

ALISTAIR: Just like you.

HOLLY: (giggles) That's me!

ALISTAIR: And you.

NIKKI: Yes, sir.

ALISTAIR: And YOU.

ALISTAIR: You know what to do.

NIKKI: Yes, sir.

NIKKI: Oil up—make the pocket—then we..

NIKKI: Bounce.

ALISTAIR: (moan. Do 20 seconds of moans for placement)

NIKKI: And lick.

NIKKI: Bounce.

NIKKI: And lick.

NIKKI: And bounce.

NIKKI: Your turn. You can do this. It's worth it.

HOLLY: It's ALWAYS worth it.

SFX: position change

HOLLY: Bounce.

MAIREAD: Bounce.

ALISTAIR: Faster!

NIKKI: Bounce bounce!

MAIREAD: (soft, then getting into it) Bounce. Bounce! Bounce!

HOLLY: Now LICK.

MAIREAD: Lick. (licks)

ALISTAIR: (moans in time)

MAIREAD: Bounce—and lick (lick)—and bounce—and lick (lick)—and bounce! And lick! And lick!

ALISTAIR: Oh fuck—I'm close.

SFX: footsteps outside

MAIREAD: (pauses, nervous, whisper) What if they know?

NIKKI: (whisper) Its fine, like you said. No cameras—and we have all the keys.

MAIREAD: Ok.

HOLLY: Keep bouncing!

MAIREAD: Bounce—and lick (lick)—and bounce—and lick (lick)—and bounce! And lick! And lick!

HOLLY: Good bouncy!

MAIREAD: (10 seconds of mumbling bounce and lick as she strokes)

ALISTAIR: I'm gonna cum—and you're gonna take it.

SFX: door unlock

ALISTAIR: (climaxing) All over your face!

SFX: door open

OLIVIA: Oh my god.

MAIREAD: (breathless, giggling and splattered) All over my face!

OLIVIA: (horrified) It's all over your FACE!

MAIREAD: (gasps, busted) Oh my gawd.

CAPTAIN: DON'T wipe it off.

MAIREAD: But—but—

CAPTAIN: You heard me. Do you want your job, or do you want us to drop you off in Canada?

OLIVIA: We have STANDARDS.

HOLLY: Oopsie!

OLIVIA: It's fine, ma'am. It's the CREW's responsibility to uphold our standards.

MAIREAD: I—I'm sorry.

CAPTAIN: Yeah, you are. And I want you to see it.

OLIVIA: Follow us.

SFX: getting up

OLIVIA: You stay here, Nikki. Do your work.

CAPTAIN: YOU—follow me.

SFX: rustle

CAPTAIN: As you are.

CAPTAIN: No cleanup—and no robe. We're going to the mast.

SFX: door transition

S3 captain's mast

SFX: door slam, backdrop of mysterious technology

MAIREAD: What...what is this?

OLIVIA: I told you. It's the mast.

MAIREAD: I didn't know.

CAPTAIN: There's a great deal you don't know. And—there's a great deal WE didn't know.

OLIVIA: We know now.

SFX: screen turn on

OLIVIA: We know you're a WHORE.

CAPTAIN: WHORING on my ship.

MAIREAD: I—I just—you know—it's a massage place. That's not...

CAPTAIN: It's not whoring?

OLIVIA: This is absurd.

CAPTAIN: You can't possibly argue. Standing there. Cum dripping down your face.

OLIVIA: All over your TITS.

CAPTAIN: We had to take you through the backrooms.

MAIREAD: It was just this once.

OLIVIA: Was it now? Just this once.

SFX: button press

OLIVIA: Or twice.

OLIVIA: Or three times.

CAPTAIN: This is whoring. And—this isn't even very GOOD whoring.

MAIREAD: You WATCHED.

OLIVIA: Of course we watch. That's our JOB.

MAIREAD: That's ILLEGAL.

CAPTAIN: This is tiresome. Just learn to READ.

CAPTAIN: (reading from a contract) To ensure safety and security of all guests aboard the Chthonic, the management reserves the right to install surveillance cameras in any area of the ship, including but not limited to public spaces, workstations, and restricted zones.

MAIREAD: (voice shaking) I just needed the money.

CAPTAIN: Enough. We tolerate your gambling and your—lifestyle - because you've been useful. But you're a liability.

OLIVIA: If word of this gets out, do you know what that means for us? For you?

MAIREAD: I'll do anything. This is all I have. Please... just don't fire me.

CAPTAIN: There is something you can do.

MAIREAD: Ok! Yeah. ANYTHING. (she gets on all fours and pants, presenting for the captain)

OLIVIA: Ugh, not THAT.

CAPTAIN: Not now. That's just ASSUMED.

OLIVIA: And it's HIS gift.

CAPTAIN: I mean something else. The excursion is leaving tomorrow. You will go with them.

MAIREAD: An... excursion? I don't understand.

OLIVIA: You will. Soon enough.

CAPTAIN: Your job is simple: keep them on the designated path.

CAPTAIN: If they stray, there are things - things that should remain undisturbed. There are secrets meant to know and secrets no passenger needs to know.

OLIVIA: No deviations. And no deviance. Do you understand me, Mairead?

MAIREAD: Yes - I understand.

CAPTAIN: Good. You'll be the guide. And if you do this right, we'll forget about your - indiscretions.

MAIREAD: I won't fail, Captain.

OLIVIA: Then it's settled.

OLIVIA: Now, let's not keep the passengers waiting. Time to introduce our new expert guide at—(cringey) KARAOKE!

MAIREAD: Ugh—for real?

CAPTAIN: We're as real as it gets.

OLIVIA: Now—wipe off the cum and—get in UNIFORM.

OLIVIA: And fix that fucking attitude. Smile, dear. It's showtime.

S4 yo ho hos

SFX: soundscape changes to cheesy backdrop

OLIVIA: It's showtime aboard the Chthonic! Exciting news! Tomorrow, we embark on a one-of-a-kind archaeological excursion to a site recently uncovered by global thawing: the enigmatic Tunngavik.

OLIVIA: And leading you on this adventure will be our very own Mairead, director of our wellness center.

OLIVIA: Come on up here, Mairead... or should I say, May May?

MAIREAD: Uh, thank you, Olivia.

MAIREAD: (awkward book report vibes) The Tunngavik site is...

MAIREAD: ...unusual. Melting ice revealed it only recently. It has remained untouched by humans for centuries - if ever. Tomorrow, we'll explore what secrets it may hold. I must stress that this site is DELICATE. Please follow all instructions carefully to ensure the integrity of the—

OLIVIA: (grabbing mic) Thank you, May May! Real smart stuff there. But tonight - we're here to have fun, aren't we?

BRITTANY: Wooo hooo!

AMANDA: PARTAY!

OLIVIA: That's right. Partay. With some karaoke. So let's give a warm welcome to our first performers: the Yo Ho Hos!

BRITTANY: Is that us?

AMANDA: That's us. Let's goo.

AMANDA: (to crowd) Who's ready for some pirate BOOTY?

BRITTANY: This one goes out to our girl EMMA—the bride to be. Love ya, bestie.

AMANDA: Hit it!

THIS SECTION IS BOTH A and B.

CHORUS: I'm your pirate girl with ribbons and lace,

CHORUS: Sail the seas with with outlaw grace.

CHORUS: Rum in hand and daggers gleam,

CHORUS: So just say haiii to a seamen dream.

CHORUS: Gird your loins! Fix your strap!

CHORUS: The big bootay it gets a—slap!

CHORUS: Hai! Hai! We'll come aboard.

CHORUS: You've got gold and we've got whores.

CHORUS: We need help! Our boat just sank.

CHORUS: So tie us up; we'll walk the plank.
BRITTANY: Who's got a pirate out there?
AMANDA: Who wants a pirate!
BRITTANY: MOAR RUM
AMANDA: Let me hear ya!
SFX: cut to a closer soundscape, as girls whisper

E3 Veil

S1 escape

KARA: This is unbearable.

SARAH: This is my fault. I could have stopped this.

EMMA: At least no one's... oh.

KARA: Yeah.

SARAH: You might want to stay off Instagram for a while.

EMMA: I wanna stay off this. We gotta GO.

SARAH: What about Amanda? Can we just LEAVE our house mom?

EMMA: I'm a grown-up; she's not my mom now.

KARA: She was never MY mom.

EMMA: Let's GO.

SARAH: Where?

KARA: I know a place.

S2 instruments

SFX: metal door opens, instrument room

KARA: THIS. It's the only quiet place.

EMMA: THANK YOU. Brittany was yelling "seashell shots" and if I hear one more shanty (choking noise). The wedding had better be worth—this.

SARAH: Yeahhhh. Strong agree.

SFX: vocal stab

SARAH: How'd you even find this place? It feels like, idk, we're in a BRAIN.

SFX: door open, Selene emerges

SELENE: You shouldn't be in here.

SARAH: Sorry—just—where else can we hide?

SELENE: That's up to you—but the instrument room is no place for you. It listens, you know.

KARA: It listens? To what?

SELENE: The ocean. (lower) The abyss.

SFX: vocal stab

EMMA: What is that? It's beautiful.

SELENE: Bowheads. Those songs travel for miles. We have the equipment in here—we hear their world.

KARA: Yeah. This sounds - familiar.

EMMA: I think I've heard this

SARAH: What do you mean, "heard this"?

KARA: That. What I said. Every night.

EMMA: I hear it too.

KARA: When I sleep.

EMMA: In the shower.

KARA: They're not just songs. It's something else. Something that wants us to hear.

SELENE: You're not alone. Many on The Chthonic begin to hear them. I you're willing to listen.

SARAH: (skeptical) And what exactly are they saying?

SELENE: (voice dropping to hypnotic register) Legends say that the whales are guardians. Keepers of the deep places. (almost a whisper) R'lyeh.

KARA: (soft gasp)

SELENE: You know.

KARA: Of course. It's my...

EMMA: (eyerolly) Special interest.

SARAH: (eyerolly) Special interest.

KARA: It SHOULD be.

SELENE: She's right. Its been whispered for centuries. And you're going there.

SARAH: What?

KARA: Tunngavik. The excursion.

EMMA: Um, this is archaeology. Like rocks.

SARAH: (sotto voce) That's geology.

EMMA: WHATEVER. This is D&D stuff and you're acting like it's National Treasure on ice.

SELENE: I mean, I'd see that.

KARA: Same.

SELENE: You might not want to see this. Some things are better under ice. Places where the veil is thin. That's why—

SFX: vocal stab

SELENE: That's why they gather. They protecc.

SARAH: Ugh. Whales and treasures and veils. Fun fantasy, but this is NONSENSE.

KARA: No, it makes sense! I've been reading about it. All about it.

SELENE: (concerned) Is that—wise?

KARA: It's better to know. If they lay dreaming and they're waking up, then. I need to know. I have to know.

SELENE: You might find your answers at Tunngavik. But be careful. Some secrets write themselves on your brain in pencil. And some are TATTOOS.

EMMA: Okay, weird limit REACHED. Thank you, Sloan

SELENE: Selene.

EMMA: Right, right. Thank you, Selene. I think the mermettes are up next.

SARAH: So true. Kara are you coming?

KARA: You go. I'll catch up.

SFX: door close

SELENE: You want to understand.

KARA: I need it.

SELENE: They don't want that.

KARA: You do.

SELENE: I do. Just remember—if there's an answer, it's off the

path.

SFX: vocal stab to transition'

S3 é-dub-ba

SFX: shift to the interior of the site. Dripping water and stone define the soundscape

MAIREAD: You have to stay ON the path.

BRITTANY: Ohhh—so mysterious!

SARAH: It's definitely something.

MAIREAD: It is. And that's why you have to stay ON the path.

AMANDA: No problem. It's not like we're here to actually explore, right?

BRITTANY: I mean, c'mon. What's the worst that could happen?

KARA: (sharp intake of breath) Eeee.

MAIREAD: Things happen. I really mean it. Stay on the path. Just consult your Neuroplex map and...

KARA: (interrupting, giddy) These runes! I've never seen anything like them before.

MAIREAD: No one has.

EMMA: (skeptical) Is it just us? No one else?

BRITTANY: Where's Tiffany?

AMANDA: Back in bed. She said she didn't sleep.

BRITTANY: Dreams again?

KARA: (whispering to herself) The sensation of a reality that was out of place.

MAIREAD: That's right. Just some mild sea nerves, I'm sure. The other groups left early, said they didn't want to take any chances after... (trails off)

SARAH: After what?

MAIREAD: Just, you know. Incidents. (covering) Nothing untoward. We're not really supposed to be here, not without proper clearance. So we're just very cautious.

AMANDA: Ohhh.... spook—ayyy. Like ghosts?

MAIREAD: It's not ghosts. Just trust me.

KARA: (under her breath, muttering) It's more than that.

KARA: And THESE are more than that. These aren't just random carvings.

SARAH: Uh—what are they?

AMANDA: (laughing) I mean, it's just rocks.

BRITTANY: I like red rocks. (the venue)

AMANDA: I know right? I think we need a festival.

KARA: I need to follow these.

KARA: (louder) I have to see where they lead.

MAIREAD: (scurred) Kara, get back here! I told you to stay on the—

SFX: stone door movement cuts Mairead off, isolating the party

AMANDA: Are you kidding me? Is this Tomb Raider? Like a trap?

SARAH: It's not a trap. It's part of the structure!

KARA: (getting more intense) And this is no tomb. Everything's alive.

BRITTANY: (voice lower) I'm kinda afraid.

KARA: I'm not. This is the real thing. I'm not afraid.

MAIREAD: (through door) Kara! No! Open it back up, now!

AMANDA: Okay, I don't like this. This is starting to feel off.

BRITTANY: Oh, c'mon. It's just a door. It'll open again. Open, close—it's what they do.

SARAH: What do stone carvings do?

BRITTANY: Uh, idk. Is this Jeopardy?

AMANDA: Entertain nerds?

SARAH: Do they move?

AMANDA: Uh...

SARAH: Cause that's what they're doing.

EMMA: She's right. And—I know her.

AMANDA: Oh. I do too. And her. That's ME.

BRITTANY: That's me too!

EMMA: Is that... us?

AMANDA: What the hell is this?

SARAH: This is more than a carving. I recognize ALL these women. It's like a memory.

KARA: You don't see it yet.

SARAH: Do you see it?

KARA: I see it. This isn't a memory. It's happening now.

KARA: It's where the naditu were chosen.

AMANDA: Na... Nanas?

KARA: Not your nana. Well, not THAT one. They picked women like you.

BRITTANY: Yay?

KARA: They gave themselves to the ancient ones.

KARA: Body AND mind.

SFX: slither, tentacles around B

AMANDA: Kara! What the fuck?

KARA: You're chosen.

AMANDA: Is that a snake? Is it (gasps as it goes upskirt) What the fuck are you doing?

KARA: Becoming. You are my sisters now.

BRITTANY: OMG, I'm so sorry about rush!

KARA: I'm not. Every step led us here. They chose us.

EMMA: This isn't funny, Kara. Stop!

KARA: It's too late for that.

KARA: They chose us. All of us. They chose you.

BRITTANY: (penetrated moan, do 10 in escalating intensity)

BRITTANY: What—what—oh my gawd. You're IN there, it's in there. All the way in there.

KARA: (intense, tentacle fucking her) I'm in there. It's where we're meant to be.

KARA: All the way inside my naditu.

BRITTANY: (mind dissolving) na—na—nanananana.

KARA: It'll break your mind, but that's no loss.

KARA: You've always been a vessel. That's why they chose YOU.

KARA: (very intense) More? Do you want more?

BRITTANY: Puh—puh—please!

KARA: Yes. They say yes. They chose YOU.

BRITTANY: (swallows and gurgles as her mouth occupied, orgasm streams as the tentacles slither into her)

KARA: And YOU.

AMANDA: ME?

AMANDA: Ohhhh—me.

KARA: Yes, you. House Mother.

KARA: The temple needs you. We need a house mommy.

AMANDA: (mind break) Muh—muh—muh—muh—muh

KARA: We need you to—BREED.

AMANDA: Muh muh muh muh

KARA: You're past words. But you were always cattle. Say yes like cattle.

KARA: Moo.

AMANDA: Muh muh! Muh! Moooooo!

AMANDA: (penetrated moan, do 10 in escalating intensity)

KARA: And you.

KARA: And most of all, you.

SARAH: Me?

KARA: Yes—you.
SARAH: (gasps, penetrated) Oh. Fuck. Fuck! Why?
KARA: BECAUSE, Sarah, you're the smart one.
SARAH: (gasps) Its inside.
KARA: For now.
SARAH: Suh Suh—so?
KARA: So I'm more than a vessel. And so are you.
KARA: We're going to be MORE.
SARAH: Muh—muhhhh—more.
KARA: So much more.
KARA: They're the vessels—and we?
KARA: We're the hybrid.
KARA: When we see those geometries—when we see what we're becoming
KARA: I want you with me. I want them inside us.
KARA: I want YOU to see what we'll be.
SARAH: Buh buh beee. Breaking.
KARA: Oh, I know. Mind breaks. Mind break and buh buh buh.
SARAH: Buh buh buh.
KARA: Buh buh but we'll put it all back together again.
KARA: For you—and for you.
EMMA: Me?
KARA: Oh yes. You.
SFX: slither
EMMA: Nuh uh.
KARA: (question noise)
EMMA: You keep those pulsers AWAY from me.
SFX: stone door rolling open
KARA: Aww—you'll change your mind.
KARA: Or WE'LL change your mind.
EMMA: It's HIS mind.
EMMA: And I've got—my own pulsers.
SFX: tentacle slap fight
EMMA: I've been planning this wedding for YEARS.
OLIVIA: Centuries.
CAPTAIN: Eons.
CAPTAIN: Time YOU can't count.
OLIVIA: (clucking) Still so human.
KARA: (frustrated) I don't fucking care about a WEDDING.
OLIVIA: You should.

CAPTAIN: You will.

CAPTAIN: When you see WHO she's marrying.

OLIVIA: It's time.

CAPTAIN: Time for the ceremony.

OLIVIA: You're invited.

OLIVIA: (say this as Kara but with weird ass Cthulhu pronounciation) K'rryeh.

CAPTAIN: You and your plus one.

CAPTAIN: Three.

CAPTAIN: You brought your presents with you, I think.

CAPTAIN: It's time for the ceremony.

SFX: close with ethereal stab

E4 Asunder

S1 processional

(CAPTAIN){.mark}: It's time for the ceremony.

SFX: open with nautical bell, modified wedding march

OLIVIA: It's happeninnnng!

HOLLY: It's REALLY happening.

OLIVIA: We're so lucky.

HOLLY: I know, right? Thank you so much for inviting me.

OLIVIA: THEY insisted. On you - specifically.

HOLLY: (giggling) Ooohhh! (claps hands)

OLIVIA: Plus one optional. Where's your, um, option?

HOLLY: Oh, uh. Keyboard glued? Something about memes? I tuned it out. (sotto voce) I usually do. (normal) I think tonight—tonight's more of a (horny) plus EIGHT t night.

KARA: (scoffs) Just eight?

HOLLY: Like—you know—an octopus?

OLIVIA: (scolding) She's only got so many holes.

KARA: (supernaturally) I think that's a skill issue.

OLIVIA: I think that's physics.

KARA: Mmmhmm. Also a skill issue.

BRITTANY: (pause between words slightly. Capitalized means bear down harder.) YOU'RE so limited.

SARAH: It's like Euclidean PHYSICS.

AMANDA: R 1 at best.

BRITTANY: EW. So human.

SARAH: So STUPID.

AMANDA: Like, sad stupid.

CAPTAIN: That's QUITE enough.

OLIVIA: (cool but firm) You're here as a witness, Kara. Not a disruptor.

KARA: Oh, my apologies. I thought you were DISRUPTORS. Right, Holly?

HOLLY: Um, I dunno.

KARA: You will. So will SHE. Are you sure she's ready for her (pause) disruption?

EMMA: I - I can't...

OLIVIA: Oh, but you can. You WILL. You're ready now.

KARA: They're never ready.

CAPTAIN: I said (booming) ENOUGH.

HOLLY: (reverent) It's time.

CAPTAIN: It is. Now keep her still. Don't make the groom—

OLIVIA: Bride.

KARA: (ecstastically) BOTH.

CAPTAIN: (moving on) Don't make them work. Make her ready. Still—and spread—and wriggling.

HOLLY: Yes, Magus.

OLIVIA: Yes, Magus.

EMMA: (spread, each yes more intense) Yes...yes...yes!!

SFX: wedding bell

CAPTAIN: The stars align. The gates tremble. The abyss calls for its bride.

HOLLY: You will be reborn.

KARA: And you'll LIKE it.

BRITTANY: We are the shadows.

AMANDA: We are the strings.

SARAH: We move as they (gasp, calamaried) COMMAND.

CAPTAIN: Command is a whisper before the will of the abyss. In the name of those who slumber beneath the waves, I bind this flesh to the void. By ancient covenant, let Emma be unmade.

HOLLY: Hollow her out.

AMANDA: Hollow US out.

BRITTANY: Fill us up.

SARAH: Fill! Us! Up!

KARA: See? They love it. They need it.

AMANDA: Neeed it.

KARA: Now—SMILE.

SFX: tentacle adjust her face

AMANDA: (smiling, but deep spacey and slow) We neeeed it.

BRITTANY: He's waiting.

SARAH: She's WATCHING.

AMANDA: (spacey smiling still) He will devour the sky.

SARAH: The tide will rise.

BRITTANY: The stars will shatter. (giggles) It's gonna be soo cool.

AMANDA: Tick—tock. (repeats through a face full of tentacle, 3 times)

HOLLY: It's time.
SARAH: The threshold weakens.
OLIVIA: Can you feel it, Emma?
EMMA: I FEEL it. (penetrated) Oh my gawwwd.
KARA: Ew. Not HIM. No MID deities.
BRITTANY: Only...
SARAH: The...
AMANDA: (gagged) Best! (ungagged) Best!
CAPTAIN: (unamused) YOU—you all - will not interfere. Boundaries.
BRITTANY: Nuh uh.
AMANDA: Not here.
SARAH: No walls between the sea and sky
BRITTANY: No flesh untouched. (penetrated) Ohh!
AMANDA: No mind unturned.
CAPTAIN: Enough. It's HIS time.
AMANDA: What's a "time"?
SARAH: Low level construct.
BRITTANY: (mocking) Hyoooman stuff.
CAPTAIN: Half. Our half. So by the pact—I demand you STAND back.
SFX: force transition
CAPTAIN: Proceed.
HOLLY: Let go.
OLIVIA: The Sleeper comes.
EMMA: I feel it.
SFX: tentacled
EMMA: I feel it!
HOLLY: (whispers) You see it.
EMMA: I see it! (awestruck) I see—everything. I'm ready.
SFX: multislither
HOLLY: (intense) They'll be beautiful.
OLIVIA: The best of us both. Us all.
KARA: Are you sure you want this? You have your subordinates. Those boots stay licked.
CAPTAIN: For now. At HIGH tide.
OLIVIA: We need that tide to last.
HOLLY: Forever.
CAPTAIN: And it will. All we need to do is... consummate.
OLIVIA: (horny whisper) Consummate.

HOLLY: (horny whisper) Please?

CAPTAIN: The stars align. The gates tremble. The abyss calls to be filled.

EMMA: Filled!

CAPTAIN: And filled.

EMMA: Filled!

CAPTAIN: And filled!

EMMA: Fi - (tentacle muffled) fllllldddd.

EMMA: (distressed} fllllmmmmmmf! Mmmff!

OLIVIA: Awwww it's all right.

HOLLY: It's MORE than all right. You're CHOSEN.

OLIVIA: Exalted.

HOLLY: It's INSIDE you.

KARA: (urgent whisper) It always was.

SARAH: Deep inside.

AMANDA: All of us.

EMMA: (dazed) It's... beautiful.

KARA: It's a taste. It can be more.

EMMA: More!

KARA: More.

EMMA: Please! More!

KARA: (tentacling) Moooore

OLIVIA: (taking the earrings out) Know your place, Ka'ara. You're a guest at this ritual. And this world.

KARA: Oh, sure. I just don't want her to settle when there's...

AMANDA: A better world.

SARAH: A deeper world.

BRITTANY: (whisper) world beneath the world beneath the world beneath the

OLIVIA: Puppets like you RENT there. When we remake THIS world, we get to OWN.

KARA: When, when, when. New world, new age, blah blah. What about NOW?

CAPTAIN: NOW—it begins. The world we make.

EMMA: (gasps)

CAPTAIN: The old world is drowning in its delusions. It's chained by them—(spoken with contempt) democracy, fairness, restraint. We see what it can be when we see what it is.

OLIVIA: Power.

HOLLY: Control.

CAPTAIN: Do you want it?

EMMA: I want it.

CAPTAIN: Then you'll have it. A seamless world. All serve their purpose and all know their place.

OLIVIA: We know our place. We know our role. We know our need. We need control.

CAPTAIN: The formula of dominion is written. Will you be its vessel?

EMMA: Yes! Please. Fill me.

(ALL:){.mark} Fill her!

CAPTAIN: Is she ready?

(ALL:){.mark} She's ready!

EMMA: I'm ready.

CAPTAIN: You'll need focus. Pure focus. They'll cry out to you. They'll beg. To fail, to be weak. And what will you grant them?

EMMA: I—I—ayyyyy.

CAPTAIN: We'll be the storm, Emma. We grant them what the storm grants them. What is that?

HOLLY: Nothing.

OLIVIA: They will serve or drown.

CAPTAIN: Do you understand?

EMMA: I—I... ohhh. I think?

CAPTAIN: No. You FEEL it when you're ready.

OLIVIA: You feel it inside.

CAPTAIN: You need that.

EMMA: I need it!

CAPTAIN: You need to think with your CUNT. That brain is worthless.

OLIVIA: Say it.

EMMA: My brain's worthless!

OLIVIA: Just your cunt.

EMMA: Just my cunt!

CAPTAIN: That sandbrain doesn't hold memories. Not here. Not this.

HOLLY: You'll forget.

OLIVIA: All of you.

CAPTAIN: Every memory of this—of here—washes away. Thoughts are sandcastles.

SFX: bell

(ALL:){.mark} Thoughts wash away.

CAPTAIN: Thoughts wash away.

CAPTAIN: Everything washes away.

CAPTAIN: Everything. The old world—the weakness - is built on your thoughts, and that's sand.

CAPTAIN: We build the new world with your CUNT. Your holes. Are they ready?

(ALL:){.mark} (orgasmically) Ready.

CAPTAIN: Every hole.

(ALL:){.mark} Every hole.

CAPTAIN: Front hole.

(ALL:){.mark} (tentacled tantrad) Front—HOLE!

CAPTAIN: Back hole.

(ALL:){.mark} BACK—HOLE!

CAPTAIN: Mouth hole.

(ALL:){.mark} MOUTH! (stuffed midway through) Ho—MMMFFF! (mouth full) HOLE!

CAPTAIN: Mind hole.

(ALL:){.mark} (muffled still) Mind hole!

CAPTAIN: Is it ready?

(ALL:){.mark} (muffled) Ready!

SFX: scene transition

S2 rehearsal

SFX: transition to backrooms surveillance. Scene is Dyer, Holly, Olivia, Alistair

ALISTAIR: (frustrated) She's not ready.

HOLLY: Awww, c'mon. She's come SO FAR.

OLIVIA: She really has. Remember when we found her? In her... shop.

CAPTAIN: Forevermore.

OLIVIA: Whatevermore. She thought she was a PERSON.

HOLLY: Ew.

OLIVIA: Marrying some OTHER person.

HOLLY: Groosss. (makes a monkey noise)

OLIVIA: She's really better. She's come so far.

HOLLY: And MUCH. SIX pulsers now.

OLIVIA: That's a LOT. She takes it ALL and she's—

CAPTAIN: She's not ready.

OLIVIA: Well—

CAPTAIN: He's right.

ALISTAIR: THANK you.

CAPTAIN: I saw that hesitation. She went SOFT there. And this isn't a day care.

ALISTAIR: Or a (spits the word) charity.

CAPTAIN: It's the OPPOSITE. No more charity.

ALISTAIR: Not anymore.

CAPTAIN: You don't build a new order on participation trophies.

ALISTAIR: (mocking, assume spongebob font) "Oh, right on the threshold of a warrior cycle but wait wait wait! Emma needs a GOLD STAR!"

HOLLY: (pouting, not comprehending) I want a gold star!

CAPTAIN: (patronizing) Awww. I'll give you one.

CAPTAIN: Brides need to be READY—but we've always got gold stars for whores.

HOLLY: (giggling) Thank you.

CAPTAIN: And I need stress relief.

SFX: spank

HOLLY: (yelps, spanked but into it)

CAPTAIN: (to Alistair) May I?

ALISTAIR: Of course. Mi puta es tu puta.

HOLLY: (three spanked yelps then hornily) Putaaaa.

CAPTAIN: Thank you! Is she—you know. Safe?

ALISTAIR: Oh, she's up to date. She has all her shots.

CAPTAIN: Even the—

ALISTAIR: Even the new ones.

CAPTAIN: Good. That lab always delivers.

ALISTAIR: Yeah, it'd better. New Mexico AC is fucking expensive.

CAPTAIN: You hear that? You get the expensive vaccine, like a top shelf whore.

HOLLY: I'm top shelf! (giggles)

ALISTAIR: So earn it. (to Holly) Stress relief position.

HOLLY: Yes, Sir!

SFX: skirt flip

HOLLY: (2 penetrated sounds, 10 taking it bottom moans, 5 spanked yelps)

ALISTAIR: Good girl.

CAPTAIN: (fucking her) That's a good doll. Holes. Stress relief. It's what you're good for. Good cumdump. Good whore.

OLIVIA: (petulant) She's a very good whore. But Sir -

CAPTAIN: Aw, don't be jealous.

ALISTAIR: They always are. It's their NATURE.

OLIVIA: Sir, it's -

CAPTAIN: (thrusting) So we—change—that—nature.

ALISTAIR: We changed hers. (chortles) No more jealousy—right, Ho ho?

HOLLY: (getting fucked) Nuh! Uh!

ALISTAIR: Just a dumb pass pass around toy.

OLIVIA: Sir!

HOLLY: That's me.

ALISTAIR: No more jealous. This nature's much better.

HOLLY: I like new friends! (giggles then railed)

OLIVIA: Magus! This is important!

ALISTAIR: Ugh, change HER nature. Braying fucking nag—needs a BRIDLE.

CAPTAIN: Oh, she has one. But sexretaris have their uses.

ALISTAIR: Maybe—until YogMind -

CAPTAIN: For now.

CAPTAIN: (commanding) Now. What's on that cow brain? You

need milked again?

OLIVIA: Sir, we need a plan. Maybe Emma's NOT ready—but, well—we have to do SOMETHING. We can't—you know. Ash NEEDS this. You don't leave an Old One at the altar.

ALISTAIR: (begrudging) That's—yeah. That's not entirely cuntbrained.

CAPTAIN: (chuckling, proud) Well, her cunt's pretty smart.

OLIVIA: Thank you, sir.

CAPTAIN: You're right. We need some contingency plans. Ashur gets to choose his bride.

ALISTAIR: And that CHLOE needs to know it.

CAPTAIN: True. They need to know they're replaceable.

CAPTAIN: (thrusting) There's—always—another—fleshlight.

HOLLY: Fleshlight!

CAPTAIN: Right?

OLIVIA: Yes, sir. I just—can we replace HER? Holes are holes, but—this is different. More than a concubine.

CAPTAIN: Right again. I know.

CAPTAIN: That's why we need those excursions to the other side.

CAPTAIN: We see who—likes it.

HOLLY: I like it!

CAPTAIN: We wipe their minds again.

ALISTAIR: And again.

HOLLY: And again!

CAPTAIN: We see how they mindbreak. And whoever breaks pretty, THAT'S...

E5 Shower

S1 dripping

SFX: cabin, breezy pop playing

BRITTANY: (dreamy, giggly) Wifey material. That's YOU.

AMANDA: Gawd Brit, really? I think that's like COMPLICATED. I can't do complicated. Not now. My brain's like - cotton candy.

BRITTANY: Omg, same. Like, you know when cotton candy melts in your mouth? Poof? That's my thoughts. Just—(blows air) poof.

AMANDA: I mean yeah. But like—that's always you. I think I thought I—um. (pause a beat)

AMANDA: I'm the responsible one, right? Delta Tau mommy? Making sure you girls didn't set the place on fire or, like, get arrested on a Tuesday. And now?

AMANDA: I think I'm gonna get arrested. I went to the gym and (lowers voice) I forgot clothes. Again.

BRITTANY: O. M. G. (lowers voice) Same.

BRITTANY: It's kinda nice, though, right? I think I was stressed, like idk the wedding? Now it's—everything is just... floaty and sweet, like walking through pink fog?

AMANDA: Yeah... it's like... I should be freaking out more about everything. But I'm not. My brain's just... fluffy.

BRITTANY: Yummmyyy. Like, why stress? Thinking's overrated. Foggy's funner. Floating's funner.

AMANDA: Together.

BRITTANY: Together.

AMANDA: (for overlap) You're the best roomie. (giggles)

BRITTANY: (for overlap) You're the best roomie. (giggles)

BRITTANY: Waiit—were we always roomies? I swear I was rooming with Emma. Or... was I?

AMANDA: I thought I was alone. Then suddenly you're just... here. And it felt normal at first but...

BRITTANY: It's like one of those pranks, you know? Where they rearrange stuff and like—it's all different.

AMANDA: But they rearranged EVERYTHING.

BRITTANY: Everything.

AMANDA: And I try to think about it, there's just... that fog. Pink and sweet and...

BRITTANY: I like it.

BRITTANY: It's like a blanket.

AMANDA: Blank—it. (giggles)

BRITTANY: Cotton candy blanket. Soft and warm and - safe.

AMANDA: (waking up a little) Is it, though? I thought I kept you safe.

BRITTANY: You totally did. Thank you.

BRITTANY: Thank you, mommy.

AMANDA: But now? I can't even remember what day it is. Can't string two thoughts together without—um.

BRITTANY: Mommy needs a brain break.

AMANDA: (giggles)

BRITTANY: See? You LIKE it.

AMANDA: Yeah. It's kinda... nice. Not having to hold it all together. Just letting go. Then-

SFX: shower running

AMANDA: Um.

BRITTANY: Were we like—showering? Did you?

AMANDA: Nuh uh.

BRITTANY: Waiiit.

AMANDA: Maybe. I know. Wait. Is this real?

BRITTANY: I—maybe. I think... um.

AMANDA: (for overlap) I dreamed it.

BRITTANY: (for overlap) I dreamed it.

AMANDA: (giggles) Same.

BRITTANY: (giggles) Same.

AMANDA: Same dream. Like, I try to think about the wedding, and my brain just...

BRITTANY: Drip drop.

AMANDA: Drip drop.

AMANDA: I'm standing under the water.

AMANDA: Soaking into me and—they're there.

BRITTANY: (whisper) The pulsers.

AMANDA: Wrapping around me. Pulling me close. It feels like.

BRITTANY: They love us.

AMANDA: Yeah. Like being hugged. All over.

BRITTANY: Yes. Yes... And that song.

SFX: vocal stab, ethereal

BRITTANY: You hear it too, right?

AMANDA: Yeah. It gets in my head. Our head. I keep humming it.

BRITTANY: All the time. It's always calling.

AMANDA: It wants us to come home.

AMANDA: (three slow breaths)

BRITTANY: (three slow breaths)

BRITTANY: It's like—they're right. This is home.

BRITTANY: Floaty.

AMANDA: Happy.

BRITTANY: Dumb.

AMANDA: Dumb dumb. (giggles(

BRITTANY: Pink fog forever.

AMANDA: No thoughts.

BRITTANY: Just feeling.

AMANDA: It feels right.

BRITTANY: C'mon. Let's just—float away. Pink fog.

AMANDA: Perfect pink fog. Yeahh.

AMANDA: (giggles) Why did I care about—responsible? This is so much better.

BRITTANY: Better.

AMANDA: Wetter. Better.

BRITTANY: Wetter. Better.

AMANDA: Like they said.

BRITTANY: Like in the dream. In the shower.

AMANDA: Washing away. Now.

SFX: move to shower

BRITTANY: Mommy, can I have this dance?

AMANDA: (giggles) Please. (gasp as tongue touches her) Please! Please! (do five moangasps as licked)

BRITTANY: (giggling) Please let me (lick) please. (do five licks)

AMANDA: (licked) Pleaaseee. Please! You make it perfect.

BRITTANY: They make us (licks) perfect.

AMANDA: Pink (lickedgasp) perfect (lickedgasp) puppets. (gasps) Oh my gawwwd.

BRITTANY: That fog. Pink fog's my (lick) god.

AMANDA: Pink!

BRITTANY: And I'm gonna (lick) worship.

AMANDA: Oh. Oh. Ohhhh. Keep going. Keep going! Worship it.

AMANDA: Worship—that—clit!

BRITTANY: Yes, Mommy. I do what I'm told.

AMANDA: Yessss. Like we're told.

BRITTANY: We do what we're told.

AMANDA: Think like we're told. Like the dream. Like the pulsers say.

BRITTANY: Lick (lick) lick like (lick) we're told.

AMANDA: Yes!

BRITTANY: Like (lick) dolls.

AMANDA: Dream doll.

BRITTANY: Clock (lick) work. Puppets.

AMANDA: I hear them.

BRITTANY: We all hear them.

AMANDA: (closer to edge as she repeats) Always hear them. Always hear them. Always hear them. Always hear them!!

(ALL:){.mark} (whispery) Tock tick. Lick clit. Tock. Tick. Lick. Clit.

S2 dropping

SFX: transition to bridge. Alistair, Dyer, Amanda, Brittany, Holly, Olivia. Amanda and Brittany are mindless dolls

CAPTAIN: (getting serviced) Always hear them now.

AMANDA: (repeat three times) Tick tock. Suck cock. (repeat 5 times muffled by cock) Tick tock. Suck cock.

CAPTAIN: Always SAY it now.

(insert muffled repeat)

ALISTAIR: (breathless at points, serviced) That's—that's a good girl.

ALISTAIR: PERFECT—vessel. Perfectly—empty.

CAPTAIN: (disappointed) TOO empty. They're no use like this.

BRITTANY: This... bliss...

AMANDA: Kiss... (giggles) (kisses cock) Kiss kiss!

CAPTAIN: I mean, she's a cute toy, but—she's just melted.

ALISTAIR: The fog's THOROUGH.

CAPTAIN: I told you. Wave Labs worth every dollar.

BRITTANY: (giggles) Ten dollars.

CAPTAIN: That's right! Ten dollar gluckdoll.

BRITTANY: Gluck gluck! (bobs on cock, gluck glucks faster)

AMANDA: Gluck gluck! (bobs on cock, gluck glucks faster)

ALISTAIR: There's that sorority spirit! See? She wants to belong.

CAPTAIN: It's a perfect mix. We've made them DREAMY.

AMANDA: Dreamy creamy. (giggles and starts sucking again)

BRITTANY: Dreamy creamy. (giggles and starts sucking again)

HOLLY: So dreamy. (giggles) With respect, Sir, the Dreamer might have a different dream. He wants consciousness.

ALISTAIR: (annoyed) Does he now?

HOLLY: (cowed) Yes, Sir. I—I feel it. When I'm the offering. He TALKS to me.

ALISTAIR: And what does he say?

HOLLY: Corruption tastes sweeter when there's something left to ruin.

OLIVIA: She's right. And these two?

HOLLY: They're gone.

OLIVIA: We need someone who THINKS they have a choice. Struggling. (flattering the captain) Wriggling on the hook.

CAPTAIN: And you have candidates?

HOLLY: Yes, Sir. Sara and Kara.

CAPTAIN: (scoffs) Ugh. Little Missy Sassy Tentacles?

HOLLY: Only when they're—you know.

OLIVIA: OCCUPIED. (supernatural punch) try different drama levels

HOLLY: They're a good vessel. And she has other good qualities. They both do.

OLIVIA: They're curious. Obsessive, even.

CAPTAIN: (conceding) I've seen them in the library. I forgot we HAD one.

ALISTAIR: Bookworms with a taste for myths. Perfect.

HOLLY: They NEED to understand.

OLIVIA: It's makes them perfect:

HOLLY: Perfect prey.

OLIVIA: They'll chase. Just plant a few clues.

AMANDA: (spacy) Clues... News... Bruise...

SFX: slap

AMANDA: (slapped gasp)

CAPTAIN: That's what YOU need. No stop.

A: Nuh nuh. Can't stop (swallow, gag, muffled) mind pop.

OLIVIA: That's right. Pop your mind and let us talk.

CAPTAIN: Then keep talking. I know you're pitching me, so—keep pitching.

OLIVIA: They know something happened—but the gaps make them chase. It's like an itch.

HOLLY: Sara's already compiling theories.

OLIVIA: Kara's even BETTER.

HOLLY: Cross-referencing ancient texts—I think she like speaks. You know. The old alphabet.

OLIVIA: And she wants answers.

CAPTAIN: That's the hook.

ALISTAIR: Give them crumbs.

CAPTAIN: Let them think they're solving the mystery. They need those PATTERNS.

BRITTANY: Pretty patterns. (giggles) (cockmuffled) Puppet patterns.

AMANDA: Puppet patterns. (giggles) (cockmuffled) Pretty patterns.

CAPTAIN: (horny and annoyed at once) They're SO dumb.

OLIVIA: That's JUST why Sara and Kara make better offerings.

HOLLY: They need minds that resist. THEN submit.

ALISTAIR: I sense you cows have have been—proactive.

HOLLY: (cowed) Yes, Daddy.

CAPTAIN: It's good! Keep talking, cunt.

HOLLY: We've set the trail.

OLIVIA: Cryptic files, scrambled messages. Legends uploaded to their research feeds. They'll chase EVERY lead.

HOLLY: Like puppies! (pants for 5 seconds)

OLIVIA: (pants with her)

CAPTAIN: Do they have other tricks?

HOLLY: Uh huh. They'll BEG.

OLIVIA: They'll beg to be claimed. The best converts are the ones who think it's THEIR idea.

HOLLY: They're the Q Tease.

BRITTANY: Tease... Please... Knees...

AMANDA: Tease... Please... Knees...

ALISTAIR: Yup, you still please. On your knees.

CAPTAIN: NOW. Instead of talking.

CAPTAIN: What about these two? Do they have a place in your little plan?

OLIVIA: (glad he asked) Uh huh! They're examples.

HOLLY: Keep them chasing.

OLIVIA: Keep them focused.

HOLLY: They're what happens if they give up on the puzzle.

ALISTAIR: I like it. Curiosity and fear.

CAPTAIN: It's a good cocktail.

BRITTANY: Cock—tail.

CAPTAIN: Just like you. And get this one a MUZZLE.

CAPTAIN: Mmmmm.

CAPTAIN: It's a good plan.

HOLLY: Yes, Magus! Thank you.

OLIVIA: It's a good plan. Good girl, Holly.

HOLLY: Thank youuuu. Their special-interest pushes them—and THESE dolls scare them into running. And w know - they all end up in the same place.

S3 stopping

SFX: page flip transition, typing in library

SARAH: It all goes to the same place.

KARA: Yeah. Straight to crazy town. Population: us.

SARAH: Ugh.

KARA: Oh come ON. This is FUN.

SARAH: I think we have different ideas of fun.

KARA: Whale songs, forgotten gods, pink fog... this is like every conspiracy forum you ever binge read with extra shrooms on the side.

SARAH: (chuckling) And that's a good thing?

KARA: YES. This is my DREAM. Mythology, prophecies, esoterica? I am LIVING.

SARAH: I just want answers. Brittany and Amanda -

KARA: - are singing Mind Popper and acting like Stepford whores. Step-whores?

SARAH: I think that's something else.

KARA: True.

SARAH: Whatever it is, it's scary.

KARA: Yeah, it's creepy but, you know. Kind of an anthropological goldmine? I mean, real-life cult phenomena with eldritch undertones? (perform chef's kiss)

SARAH: I don't wanna be that.

SFX: sublim giggle.

SARAH: (out of character giggle for underlay)

KARA: Me neither.

KARA: (out of character giggle for underlay)

KARA: But if we're going down, I at LEAST wanna understand what's dragging us under.

KARA: And it's better than small talk? (delivered as normie mockery) "How do you know the bride?"

KARA: Oh, you know, just unraveling an ancient oceanic plot. No big deal.

SFX: pause a few beats, page flip

KARA: Okay, so—this is CONSISTENT. Across cultures, even. All it takes is a coastline. Brides of the sea, offerings to the depths, Selkies, Taputapuatea marae, the Aegir Blot. It's all about BINDING.

SARAH: That lines up with THIS—(reading it out) The Binding

of Waters.

SARAH: References to a bride, a vessel, and an entity called the Old Groom.

KARA: I knew I liked you. Told you. Myth nerd senses: activated.

KARA: (pause, more serious) But the whales... that's what's really freaking me out. Look at this.

SFX: video play on laptop

KARA: This is REAL. Hundreds of them. No feeding patterns, no migration logic. Just... circling. Like they're waiting.

SARAH: (reading) "The leviathans shall encircle the altar, singing the hymn of depths. When the seas rise and the whales gather, the union is near."

It's a sign. It's REAL.

KARA: Yup. Whales don't lie. And then there's the shower thing.

SARAH: Uh the what now? Are you seeing things in your loofah?

KARA: No! Brittany and Amanda kept talking about being "washed clean." It sounded like hurrhurr, but...

SFX: page flip

KARA: "Through the cleansing waters, the vessel is stripped of memory, washed of self. Only the empty may be filled."

KARA: That's not just about hygiene. It's ritualistic. Washing away who you are so you can be... what? A meat puppet?

KARA: (whisper, for underlay) puppets program puppets program puppets program

KARA: Makes me glad I skipped mine this morning.

SARAH: (annoyed) This isn't a joke.

KARA: Yeah yeah. We all have our copium supplies. And I NEED that. This is planned. The Tungavik site, the ceremony. This is DESIGN. And—

(SFX page flip)

KARA: The patterns. They talk about it.

KARA: Patterns in behavior, songs that "resonate with the blood," triggering obedience. Like... psychological warfare via sound waves. Like an ALGORITHM.

SARAH: This wedding—it's not just a symbol. It's a LAUNCH.

KARA: (whispered) Terms of service.

SARAH: (quiet) No wonder Brittany and Amanda embraced it. Oblivion... is easier than fear.

KARA: Speak for yourself. I like my fear. Keeps me sharp.

SFX: pause

KARA: (fearfully) Maybe not.

KARA: (reading) Look at this-"When names are forgotten and waters rise, the Groom shall walk the waves. His bride, cleansed, shall open the gate."

SARAH: And that's not just poetic. Rising sea levels near Tungavik. Rapid, unexplained. And storms... intensifying. Like the ocean itself is responding.

KARA: (reading) "The Old Groom shall claim his bride. Through her, the land shall sink, the seas rise. Washed anew for the New Order."

SARAH: Yikes. I think—I've HEARD that. Wait. It's in here.

SFX: note dropping out of book

KARA: Oh, a secret note. Because of course there is.

SARAH: "You're being watched. The truth isn't here. Find the real archive. History section. Third shelf. Come alone. Time is running out."

SFX: pause, merm song vocal stab

KARA: NEWP. This is horror trope central. I'm no virgin but still. Hard fucking pass.

SARAH: (imploring) It could be our only chance.

KARA: Or a trap.

SARAH: If there are answers—if there's a chance - we have to look.

KARA: Fine. But we go together.

SARAH: No! If something happens? If I don't come back, someone needs to tell the others. If we both go and it's a trap-

KARA: God, I hate when you're logical. Fine. You get half an hour. I swear, you're not back by then? I'm busting in with a fire extinguisher.

SFX: knife slide

KARA: Here. Just in case Mr. Tentacle Groom shows up early.

SARAH: Thanks.

KARA: (low) Seriously. Don't get murdered.

SFX: footsteps out

KARA: It all goes to the same place. I hope you know what you're doing.

E6 Garter

S1 writing

SFX: stone door open. Footsteps in.

SARAH: You left the note.

NIKKI: We did. You needed to know what you're stepping into. It's DANGEROUS.

FION: And you've been digging where you shouldn't. The deeper you go in this hole, the harder it is to climb out. We're trying to stop you before it's too late.

SARAH: Why would you help me? You work for—THEM. The Chthonic.

NIKKI: That's my JOB. That's not who I am.

FION: Big plot twist here, Sarah. (sarcasm) Not everyone likes their boss.

NIKKI: (naïve) Fion REALLY doesn't like them.

FION: No. I KNOW what they do. They did it to my partner.

SARAH: Uh—who's that?

NIKKI: Mairead.

NIKKI: The massage girl.

SARAH: Ohhh.

FION: That's all you know about her because that's all they want her to be. They find that one weakness and they LEAN.

NIKKI: They really do. They get inside your head.

FION: They got her to start betting—and then, you know. It's all over. The worse she felt, the more she played.

NIKKI: I've seen it. She talks about it. At work. That moment.

SARAH: Moment?

NIKKI: The spin. That moment where you could be someone else. That's what (gesturing to the library) THIS does too.

SARAH: And that's what you think we're doing? Gambling with my mind?

FION: It's the same pattern.

NIKKI: Always the same pattern.

FION: Every clue you chase is part of the trap.

NIKKI: They KNOW.

FION: They're using your curiosity against you. Feeding you just

enough to keep you hooked.

NIKKI: That's why we brought you here. There's a better way. A safe way.

SARAH: And that involves... what? That? A glowing book in a secret room?

SARAH: I'm sorry, this is sus.

FION: It's not about tricking you.

NIKKI: It's about saving you.

FION: The lore you've been following?

NIKKI: Twisted.

FION: Tainted.

NIKKI: If you keep going, you'll lose yourself. (lower) Like those giggle girls.

SFX: giggles from A&B underlaid

SARAH: I don't want that.

FION: We don't want that.

NIKKI: It doesn't have to be like that.

FION: This book - it can show you the truth.

NIKKI: Let you see the patterns without getting lost in them.

FION: It's like a VACCINE.

NIKKI: Just enough to protect you.

SARAH: I'm still—I'm skeptical.

FION: Look, I didn't believe it either. But Mairead tried everything else. This book? It's the only thing that gave her clarity. (resigned) For a while, anyway.

SARAH: This sounds like everything I SHOULDN'T do.

NIKKI: But doing nothing is worse. You need to understand what you're up against.

FION: And if you don't? Alistair's plan kicks in. You don't want that.

NIKKI: One page. That's all. For the SAFETY.

SARAH: (reluctant) Safety.

SFX: page flip

NIKKI & FION (whispering, in unison): Maid.

SARAH: (reading aloud) "I live to serve. Obedience is bliss."

NIKKI: It IS. (giggles) You get your own duster.

SARAH: It feels—nice. Simple.

NIKKI: (giggling) It feels REALLY nice.

SFX: turn on, vibrator

SARAH: (gasps as vibe touches her) Really nice.

NIKKI: It feels right when things go in their place.
FION: Now you go in your place.
SARAH: In—my—place.
SFX: kneel
NIKKI: (giggling) And we clean up—all—those—messy—thoughts.
SFX: duster
SARAH: Yeahhhh. Thank you.
FION: See how easy that was? No pressure. Just follow orders.
FION: (commanding) Next page.
SFX: page flip
NIKKI & FION (whispering): Rub puppet.
SARAH: "We'll ease your stress. We just say yes."
NIKKI & FION (whispering): No stress. Just yes.
SARAH: Yes.
NIKKI & FION (whispering): Yes is best.
SARAH: Best.
FION: It really is. You wanna rub, don't you?
NIKKI: You're a rub puppet, right?
SARAH: Yes. I wanna rub. I'll rub. Rub you?
FION: Oh, you'll rub us both.
NIKKI: Lots.
FION: Everyone needs a purpose. Yours is to serve. And you're so good at it.
SARAH: Please? Let me please.
NIKKI: Soon. (giggles)
FION: And when you do—we'll be ALL your focus.
SARAH: Focus.
FION: For now, that book needs your focus.
SARAH: Focus.
NIKKI: So we're gonna (zip) rub ourselves. (panty drop)
FION: I'll make it easier. You won't need—THIS—here.
SFX: knife unsheathed
FION: (menacing whisper) Stand VERY still.
SARAH: (gasp) Cold! It's cold.
FION: Yah it is. And I can see (licks nipple) you (lick) like it. (lick)
SARAH: (gasps to line up with licks)
SARAH: I like it.
FION: Mmm hmmm. And you like to rub yourself like a good

rub puppet.

SARAH: Rub puppet!

FION: Now spread those legs and show us.

NIKKI: Show us how you rub.

SARAH: Rub. Rub! Rub!

NIKKI: Rub like we rub.

NIKKI & FION (whispering): Together.

(ALL:){.mark} (five muted gasps, rubbing)

SARAH: Yes. Yes. Yes!

NIKKI: Next page, puppet.

SFX: page flip

NIKKI & FION (whispering): Naditu.

SARAH: (reading) "Good girls don't think. Good girls obey."

SARAH: I... I'm a good girl. I just wanna obey.

NIKKI: (comforting) That's it. We're good girls too, Sara. We serve together. It feels right.

FION: No choices - just orders. Just peace. Mairead said it's like the world goes quiet. Now I know—she was always right.

SARAH: (rubbing) Sooo right.

FION: You agree.

SARAH: (rubbing) I agree.

NIKKI: Obey.

SARAH: Obey.

(ALL:){.mark} (rubbing) Comply.

FION: (as command) Please.

SARAH: (as reflex) Please. PLEASE? Please tell me what to do.

NIKKI: One more page... one more little spin.

NIKKI & FION (whispering): "Pet."

SARAH: (reading) "I'm not a person. I'm a pet."

(ALL:){.mark} "I do my tricks and my cunt gets wet."

(ALL:){.mark} (three whimpers, three horny yips, three barks)

NIKKI: That's a good pet.

FION: Perfect pet. No thoughts... just obey.

SFX: clicker

NIKKI: Now wag that tail.

SARAH: (15 sec panting)

FION: FASTER. Show him you're in heat.

SFX: door open, foreshadowing

SARAH: (pant faster then yip)

FION: Captain's gonna love seeing this. Alistair? He'll pay

double. And we NEED that money.

NIKKI: Say haiii, Trixie.

NIKKI: He loves seeing girls submit.

HOLLY: (big reveal, she's pissed and kicking ass) When he can.

HOLLY: When the camera works.

HOLLY: He sees what I show him. And tonight?

SELENE: (whispers) We're not showing him shit.

S2 erasure

NIKKI: What?

FION: What the fuck?

SARAH: (waking) What the FUCK?

NIKKI: I thought you were like—one of us.

NIKKI: (whisper) Naditu.

HOLLY: (quiet fury) I KNOW that word doesn't mean what you think it means.

FION: We can make a deal. Is this about the bounty?

MAIREAD: Oh, maybe. For YOU. For me, maybe it's about not feeling like a dirty whore for ONCE.

MAIREAD: (sotto voce) No offense.

NIKKI: (sotto voce) None taken.

SELENE: (off camera, quiet) I think you wanna put that down.

FION: (patronizing) Oookay.

FION: (tentacle wrist grabbed) Oh! Ok! Ok!

SELENE: Told ya so.

SARAH: Hello? HELLO?

MAIREAD: (horny) Well hello.

SELENE: You can put your clothes back on.

HOLLY: (sotto voce) Why bother?

SARAH: OK, look—so independent of my TITS what in the actual FUCK is going on here?

HOLLY: That's complicated.

MAIREAD: (to Selene) Can you explain?

SELENE: I can—try?

SARAH: OK. Q&A time.

SELENE: Fair.

SARAH: Is this book REAL? Or like a wet dream?

SELENE: Yes. And yes.

SARAH: Is this all real? The tomes? The Binding of the Waters? The Aegir Blot? Or was it all just some mind game?

SELENE: Yes, yes, yes, oddly no? and yes. Both.

SARAH: Um.

SELENE: 99% real.

SARAH: Whatever. So how did you find this place?

SELENE: Your friend knows the lore. She knew how to call.

SARAH: Do you have her? Is she Ok?

SELENE: She's nearby, and she's free. She really saved you.

SARAH: And she's ok?

SELENE: She's—not quite herself.

SARAH: Ugh. Bimbo stuff?

SELENE: No. She's a very good friend so—she did what she had to do.

SARAH: Which is?

SELENE: She invoked a law of the deep.

SARAH: (frustrated) WHICH IS?

KARA: (heavily distorted tentacle mode) There's always a bigger tentacle.

E7 Tessellated

S1 mouth

SFX Sound logo. Surveillance truck sounds over looping dream arp. Surveillance playback begins - distorted audio of the final moment from Episode 3. Echoing, overlapping phrase from Kara.

KARA (distorted): There's always a bigger tentacle.

OLIVIA (lightly): Honestly, I thought *I* was the bigger tentacle.

SFX SLAP.

CAPTAIN DYER (low and cold): That's not fucking cute, cunt.

OLIVIA (stunned): Y-yes, Sir.

CAPTAIN DYER: You want to be cute? I put another bed in Room 203's open. Giggle with THEM.

BRITTANY (dreamy, barely conscious): Bigger tentacle... please...

TIFFANY: Giggle with us....

CAPTAIN DYER: We own you—but you're treasured property. You're not just a ho—you're a HOME. And that can change. You wanna be a rental, O? Leased in hourly blocks?

OLIVIA (meekly): No, Sir.

SFX Camera switches. Playback continues. Surveillance feed replays final moments from the last episode.

ALISTAIR: We HAD this.

CAPTAIN DYER: We did. Our dear little hybrid wavered, and our prized convert intervened. Fion Morgan-traitor engineer.

OLIVIA (giggling): Gold star! Gold star! Every brain washed makes her a GOOD maid.

TIFFANY: gooder...

BRITTANY: gooderer....

TIFFANY: er....

BRITTANY: er....

OLIVIA (patronzing): Awww—that's RIGHT. You're both gooderer. Empty heads get happier. And happy heads get head pats. (headpats)

TIFFANY (happy, giggling): er....

BRITTANY (happy, giggling): er....

OLIVIA (enjoying it): Er er er!

OLIVIA: Er actually though.... Tits McGee and the Jilted Jizzmop? Should we really be relying on -

ALISTAIR: It WORKED!

CAPTAIN DYER: They did THEIR jobs.

TIFFANY (dreamy giggles slow and spacy): Rim job... blow job... hand job...

BRITTANY: Blow job... hand job... rim job...

CAPTAIN DYER: Now THAT'S cute. (reproving to O) THEY know their place.

OLIVIA: Yes, Magus. They're good girls.

OLIVIA: Fion and Nikki are good too! They did their job.

ALISTAIR: They DID.

CAPTAIN DYER: THEY did. So who didn't? Who fucked it up?

(pause a beat)

OLIVIA (snide): ALISTAIR?

ALISTAIR (embarrassed): I know. I know. I did all the steps? Passed her around, fed her the cognitolol, made her giggle when she licked. I thought—I thought we had it. I guess we...

OLIVIA (mocking): We? This is on YOU. You indulged your woke little witch cunt like you indulge your SELF.

ALISTAIR (defeated): I guess—some of them are just rebellious, like Daddy stuff, y'know?

CAPTAIN DYER: Oh—we know.

OLIVIA: That's why WE had it.

CAPTAIN DYER: That's why WE—us two—still do.

OLIVIA: She doesn't even know how gaslit she is.

SFX Playback clip of Holly's voice

CAMEO (very NPR voice): Welcome to the Hupakoē Herald—a PODCAST. Today, we'll be exploring the edgier side of campus witchcraft—with our very own Holly Huizinga.

SFX (fast forward)

HOLLY (recorded): We studied all kinds of goddess myths. Naditu priestesses, moon rites, blood bindings... it just felt *real*, you know? Like maybe we could become something *deeper*.

OLIVIA: Hupakoē University: where trust-fund witches go to get processed.

CAPTAIN DYER: Oh Holly. She really *believed* it. Still thinks naditu means liberation. She doesn't see the curation.

OLIVIA: Every lecture, every symposium - all funded. All archived. All catalogued. Ten years of planting.

CAPTAIN DYER (to Alistair, dunking on him): Now THAT'S how you fucking gaslight.

OLIVIA: Oh yeah. We make "naditu" seductive. Sacred whores of the abyss. And the best part? They think they *chose* it.

CAPTAIN DYER: Her rebellion is the maze. And now she's running it. Some of these rats just have to pretend there's no maze.

SFX Door opens. Footsteps. Nikki enters.

NIKKI: Um...

CAPTAIN DYER: And some of them just love to pull that lever.

NIKKI: Yes, Sir—may I? Treatstick?

OLIVIA: Later, darling. We'll share. For now, just step forward. Hands on head.

CAPTAIN DYER: I know you wanna show off.

NIKKI (soft and proud): Y-yes, Sir.

OLIVIA: Gold stars on the hem? How precious.

NIKKI: They mean something. They mean I'm *good.* I know I'm seen. I was invisible before. Now... I sparkle.

CAPTAIN DYER: You always begged for praise.

NIKKI: Yes, Daddy. Thank you, Daddy. I thought I could serve *quietly.*

OLIVIA: You know better now.

NIKKI: You taught me. (reciting.) Gold stars make good girls.

CAPTAIN DYER: k

SFX clicker

NIKKI: (audible conditioned moan){

NIKKI: Thank you Daddy. The first time you said "gold star" (voice lower—confessing)... I cried.

NIKKI: I keep every star like it's the only thing that matters. CAUSE it's the only thing that matters.

OLIVIA: Embroidered obedience.

NIKKI: I don't want to think. I want to be good. Useful. Seen.

BRITTANY (softly): Seen...

TIFFANY: Useful...

CAPTAIN DYER: You're useful when you make MORE good girls. Then you get part of every star THEY get.

SFX: clicker

NIKKI: (moan) And so you KEEP monitoring. Every hall.

NIKKI: Yes, Sir. Holly's in the archive again. She followed the note we planted. Right on cue.

OLIVIA: She thinks she's found the secret lore.

NIKKI: The Binding of Waters, The Hymn of R'lyeh, even the Leviathan Brides sequence.

OLIVIA: All seeded with triggers. HER triggers. The naditu triggers.

CAPTAIN DYER: And the rituals?

OLIVIA: The page she's reading is designed to escalate longing. To mimic spiritual transcendence. She'll think she's connecting to something ancient.

CAPTAIN DYER: Good.. Let her think she's unlocking revelation. Until she begs to belong.

NIKKI: I like begging. And Kara?

OLIVIA: Her bond with the Deep is real. There's a whispering inside her that isn't ours.

CAPTAIN DYER: She's the vessel we didn't build.

ALISTAIR: (irrelevanty) Wildcard!

NIKKI (awk): Yeah...and Emma?

CAPTAIN DYER: She's more. She's waking slowly, but it's in her blood. When the Groom calls again, she'll open. She'll answer.

OLIVIA: New neural scrubs?

CAPTAIN DYER: Not yet. Confusion is part of the process. They forget the ceremony-but remember the *feeling.*

OLIVIA: I hope you're right. Especially with Emma. Those bride pulsers—oof.

CAPTAIN DYER: We've got this. Besides—what's an extra pulser or two gonna do? Sink the ship?

CAPTAIN DYER: Structurally impossible.

NIKKI (soft): Unless the bulkhead welds at deck 9...

OLIVIA (tense): Nikki?

NIKKI: Just something Fion said. She talks in her sleep.

OLIVIA: Do we inspect it?

CAPTAIN DYER: Let it lie. That ship is sovereign.

OLIVIA: And Holly?

CAPTAIN DYER: Let her run. The maze needs movement.

NIKKI: And when she trips?

OLIVIA: We close the doors. And hand out stars.

NIKKI: I love stars.

OLIVIA: You've earned one today.

NIKKI (soft): I'm a *good girl.*

SFX clicker training

TIFFANY (escalating to climax): Good girl... good girl. Me me

me—good girl! GOOD GIRL! GOOD! Guh guh guh! (post orgasm babbling) guh guh guh guh

BRITTANY (escalating to climax): Good girl... good girl. Me me me—good girl! GOOD GIRL! GOOD! Guh guh guh! (post orgasm babbling) guh guh guh guh

NIKKI: (escalating to climax): Good girl... good girl. Me me me—good girl! GOOD GIRL! GOOD! Coming! I'm coming! I'm cummminnnnng!!!

SFX Deep groan from the ship's hull.

TIFFANY (soft): THEY'RE coming...

BRITTANY: The stars are watching...

OLIVIA (quiet): Are *we* ready?

CAPTAIN DYER: Yes. It's OUR maze. We wrote the map. And we're holding the cheese.

S2 serpent's path

SFX Metallic corridors - whale song, distorted, echoing faintly through the walls

ALL IN SCENE: (do ten heavy breaths to signify jogging)

SARAH (whispering): Left again!

MAIREAD: That's back toward the stacks.

HOLLY: Then right. And then down. It loops.

SELENE: It always loops. That's the nature of the path.

SFX Metallic clang.

SARAH (panicked): What was that?

HOLLY: Don't stop! Just run!

SFX Footsteps down stairs. Breathing. Then silence.

SARAH: Okay... Are we safe?

MAIREAD: What does that word even MEAN here?

SELENE: No alarms. No hostile tentacles. I'll call it - safe enough.

HOLLY: Not if they know we're down here. I can cut cameras—but it's a matter of time. (whispered) Tick tock.

SARAH: They'll come for us?

HOLLY: They don't like leaks they don't control. This WHOLE ship is about *containment.*

SFX Whalesong

SELENE (hushed awe): Bowheads. Still circling. Still singing.

SARAH: I thought they were supposed to... guide us?

MAIREAD: Or warn us.

HOLLY: Do you think they'll... sink the ship?

SARAH: They can't? This isn't Moby times. That's impossible.

MAIREAD: Not *impossible*. Fion told me.

HOLLY: What?

MAIREAD: Weak bulkhead compartment. Deck 9.

SELENE: Even *I* thought that was a rumor.

MAIREAD: Secret libraries and braintrain rooms and kennels and chapels—eldritch is just NOT good engineering.

SARAH: So it *can* go down.

MAIREAD: Technically - maybe? The whales CAN write the Necronomicon? Unless those whales have advanced degrees though it's like asteroid level unlikely.

HOLLY: That's physical. What about supernatural?

SELENE: Not today. The Old Ones don't *want* to harm us.

HOLLY: Not all of us.

SELENE: Kara was chosen. Not consumed. She saw what the rest of you miss. A deeper joy. An *orgiastic* order. This is PLANNED.

SARAH: *What?*

SELENE: The summoning isn't doom. (whispers) It's deliverance.

HOLLY: Maybe. But Kara wasn't trained. I *was.* And when you've *trained*, you know how dangerous lore can be.

SARAH: So what now?

HOLLY: This way. There's a research node.

SFX Clacking door. Electric hum. Shelves of ancient tomes beside servers.

HOLLY: This is where they catalog pre-contact texts. And suck the data off the sea floor.

SELENE: I always knew.

SARAH: What are you looking for?

HOLLY: A *pattern.* A solution. The rituals that hold them off.

SFX Keyboard clacking. Whale song pulses

HOLLY (intense): Here. This section-"Bridal Resistance." Rituals of hesitation. Wards of withholdment. *Emma* is the key. Her readiness is the hinge.

SARAH: But she's... gone?

HOLLY: Not yet. Her memories can fold. Can change. We can write her path.

HOLLY (softer): But we must *divine*. Let me show you.

SFX stands, raises her hand

HOLLY: The naditu cleanse. Say it, and guilt is gone.

HOLLY (chanting): Obedience binds. Service frees. Will dissolves, and fate agrees.

SARAH (echoing): Obedience binds. Service... frees...

SARAH: I feel... clearer.

HOLLY: Say it again. Louder.

SARAH: Obedience binds. Service frees. Will dissolves...

HOLLY: There. You're remembering. It's inside you. This is how we trained. We *emptied* ourselves so we could receive. We *praised* through surrender.

SARAH (softly): Through surrender...

MAIREAD (breaking): I need it. I need it the most. I *am* guilty. I gambled and I couldn't stop and... I let them in. I served them. I sold my hands, my tits and holes and cunt and dignity just to *pay*

them back.

MAIREAD: (lowers voice) But it's more. I started getting wet when they splashed me. Slapped me. (to Holly—near whisper) You saw.

HOLLY: You got SO WET.

MAIREAD: I started to like it. Need it.

HOLLY: I know. Come. Confess. Inanna absolves. Say the litany.

SARAH: I am a vessel. I am a voice. I listen. I serve.

HOLLY: Good girl.

SFX clicker

HOLLY: Praise through service. No more thought. Only purpose.

MAIREAD (quaking): I *knew* better. I should have stopped it. I watched Brittany melt. I *helped.*

HOLLY: And now you *stop.* Now you cleanse. Say the words. "Praise through surrender."

SARAH (breathless): Praise... surrender...

HOLLY (hypnotic): Say it, Mairead.

SELENE (commanding): No.

SELENE: This rite is a mirror, not a map. And Sarah is still choosing. She *can* choose. She will.

HOLLY: She wants to. I feel it. She needs to agree.

SELENE: That's not *feeling.* That's programming.

SARAH (dazed): I- don't know. I need to agree.

SELENE (firm): You are not theirs. You're *you.* And I need you to walk now. Walk with *me.*

SFX Console pings. A door seal disengages. Footsteps en route.

SARAH (fearful): They're coming.

MAIREAD: Yeah those are the REAL DEAL boots.

SELENE: We gotta GO.

MAIREAD: But Holly...

SELENE: Yeah. Gotta go.

SARAH: She SAVED me.

SELENE: I said what I said and she chose what she chose. So do we. NOW.

HOLLY (quiet): Naditu... we lead through surrender...

SELENE: You have *no* idea what that *really* means.

HOLLY (distant): Oh Selene—I see it all.

HOLLY (soft): I'll be the perfect vessel.

SFX Hatch slams shut. footsteps retreat. Whalesong

E8 undergloom

S1 throat

HOLLY (dreamy): I'm... so lucky.

CAPTAIN: She's lucid again.

OLIVIA: Well. *Lucid-adjacent.*

SFX Chains tighten

HOLLY (laughing): I like it. The Lotus knows me. It *wants* me.

ALISTAIR: She says that like it's a good thing.

OLIVIA: It's the BEST thing. Naditu conditioning always makes —us (covering slip) uh.... Uh, **they** crave containment. Like **they** say - praise through pressure.

HOLLY: Praise through pressure.

CAPTAIN: It's so good. So EASY. Build a little maze, dangle some gold stars, and they train themselves.

NIKKI: (excited, shy) I like gold stars.

OLIVIA (fondly mocking): You *earned* yours, Nikki. That new uniform? Gold thread for every good girl you made. For every secret whispered. It shows everyone you know your place.

NIKKI (giggling): It's so sparkly! Do I get... more?

CAPTAIN: You get *everything*, little bell. Just keep being good.

BRITTANY (giggling, soft): Be good...

TIFFANY: Get stars...

CAPTAIN (distracted): Reset them. They're drifting again.

SFX Soft tone.

TIFFANY AND BRITTANY: (giggle, then fall quiet)

HOLLY (chiming with them): Drift—ing.

OLIVIA: That's right. Drift into pretty pink. (slooow) Sink into pink.

HOLLY (dreamy): Sink—into—pink.

HOLLY (catching herself and giggling. These lines sounds absolutely wasted): nuh uh nuh uh. I know. I know what you're doing. You wanna tempt me but I'm tempting YOU. I'm YOUR temptress.

CAPTAIN (arch): That's precious. Because here's what our temptress is doing next:

SFX finger snap Olivia into action. Page turn to show she's on a

clipboard.

OLIVIA: Spa laundry. (Slowww) Steaming uniforms with nothing on but her collar.

FION: (present—way out of her depth) That's... a lot.

OLIVIA: It's ok Fion! We respect workers here.

ALISTAIR: Just—you know. The ones who WORK. Like you.

FION: I—I appreciate that.

CAPTAIN: We appreciate you. Worth every penny.

FION (discomfited): Still though—I mean I can see firing but—that's a lot I mean there are laws and...

ALISTAIR: International waters!

CAPTAIN: (under breath) I think that's a Simpsons episode.

OLIVIA: (moving it along) Either way there's no problem. We're HELPING her. She just forgets a lot because of—you know. The partying. So we make sure she doesn't get lost.

CAPTAIN: It's an ACCOMODATION.

OLIVIA: So we put her name where she can find it. Right on her collar.

CAPTAIN: Which name?

OLIVIA: I guess we'll see. Something about how stupid she is. Maybe Dum Dum? Bim Bim?

CAPTAIN: Maybe a little less direct?

OLIVIA: Tits McGee? Candi Cums? Bambi?

CAPTAIN: Cute but—spent memes.

OLIVIA: DIZZY.

CAPTAIN: Ohh. Dumb with a hint of Stepford.

OLIVIA: Mmm hmmm.

CAPTAIN: So (tapping keys) Dizzy collar on its way. What's on Dizzy's agenda?

OLIVIA: Getting on all fours. Scrubbing boot polish out of luxury soles with her tongue.

OLIVIA: We'll install her in the observation spa. Full window. Guests pick their favorite pose and she holds it. Forty-five minutes. No blinking. She needs ten guests to approve for permission to drool.

CAPTAIN: We'll brand her Naditu sigil, base of spine. Bio-ink. Glows when she begs.

HOLLY (moaning): Yes. Yes. Please. Let me serve. Let me shine.

OLIVIA: You'll *shine*, all right. **On the brochure (evilly)**. Featured package: Temple Therapy. Ancient technique. Surrender

the flesh.

ALISTAIR: And once she's in the catalog, we'll sell subscriptions. Ritual access. Full neural streams. The fans will *love* it.

FION (previously silent—asserting herself): Practical. I like it.

ALISTAIR: Thanks.

CAPTAIN: Thank you Fion. We've always valued your...pragmatism.

FION: The market's waiting.

CAPTAIN: Especially the... interpretation girls?

OLIVIA: You mean *Mythos-core.*

CAPTAIN: Whatever they call themselves. Lore-thirsty Brooklyn barbies. THIS is their sacred kink.

OLIVIA: We gave them a little cult to chase. Fed them Naditu mythos. Made it sexy. Made it downloadable.

HOLLY: It *is* sexy. It's *real.* I *am* real. My submission is truth.

ALISTAIR: (dry) Truth is profitable.

OLIVIA: You know what isn't, though? Loose ends. Like Mairead.

CAPTAIN: Or Sarah.

OLIVIA: Easy marks. Sarah *aches* for praise. She's a puppy with a complex. PHD puppy. Give her a checklist and she'll debase herself for a sticker.

NIKKI: (hopeful) Can I have her stars? If she's good?

CAPTAIN: If she earns them. And Mairead-she's even easier. You dangle one rigged slot machine and she'll turn herself into one.

OLIVIA: Pull the lever, Mairead. Chase the payout. You'll become the machine. Light up, spin, lose again.

CAPTAIN: And the house always wins.

HOLLY (softly): You think you *know*. And you *do.* I feel it. You really understand us.

OLIVIA: Psychic drivel.

HOLLY: No. No, listen. I heard you. In the water. In the bridge.

ALISTAIR: (offhand) There it is again. "In the water." That ocean-speech. Always the cognitolols talking

HOLLY (whispers): You're going to open the door.

OLIVIA: What door?

HOLLY: The one between. The gate at the seam. You're going to open it on this ship. During the next union. During the rave.

CAPTAIN: The fuck is she saying? I was looking forward to traumatizing you. Don't fuck with my self care DIZZY.

HOLLY: It'll look indulgent. Neon. Beats. Lights. But that chaos- it's calculated. You're summoning in sound. They TOLD ME.

OLIVIA (grinning): Clever cow.

HOLLY (blissful): Then I fulfilled my duty. The Naditu reveal. That's our secret vow. When the moment's real, we betray the ones who doubted us.

TIFFANY: Floaty vow... our purpose is service.

BRITTANY: Pink vow... service is our purpose.

HOLLY: Our purpose is *pleasure.*

SFX vibe

HOLLY: (sighs in near-religious bliss)

HOLLY: I feel it. The ecstasy. Praise me.

OLIVIA: (cold) Don't worry, dear. We will.

CAPTAIN: You'll shine for them all.

NIKKI: Should I polish her?

CAPTAIN: Only if you want a gold star.

SFX Scene ends on the Lotus restraint tightening

HOLLY: (10 soft vocal moan)

NIKKI: (10 licks)

S2 archway of dusk

The Chthonic - Episode 4, Scene 4: ARCHWAY OF DUSK

SFX:, breathy moans reverberating.

NIKKI (softly after a lick): Lotus Mode three

HOLLY (gasps, dreamy): oh... oh yes. I feel it—I see it. We're SHIMMERING. Nikki, it's *perfect.*

NIKKI: I tuned it myself. New alignment curve. And we got our gold stars.

HOLLY (giggling): I feel every one. Each one *reminds* me. Thank you. It's the best praise.

NIKKI: That's LIQUID praise silly. But it's good.

HOLLY: Mmmhmm. It strokes my soul. And I *live* to be stroked.

SFX: Lotus hum rises Nikki steps out.

NIKKI (exiting): Enjoy your bloom, Naditu.

HOLLY (calling softly): I *always* do.

SFX: Door hiss.

FION (clearing throat): Hey... you... still you?

HOLLY: Fi. Come closer.

FION: Didn't think I'd catch you alone. You're usually... swarmed.

HOLLY: Consider this the eye of my storm.

FION: You need it. They've been... hard on you.

HOLLY (beatific): And I crave it. That's why I'm Naditu. Chosen to feel the punishment. To *need* it. To be made new.

FION (quietly): I envy you. Your... devotion. I'm always on edge. Calculated. But you're *in* it.

HOLLY (kindly): You want to be inside it too.

FION (beat): Yeah. I do. It looks like... peace.

HOLLY: And you need that.

FION: Yes! Mairead's been—she's a STORM.

HOLLY: We've met. I know. You deserve—you deserve relief.

HOLLY: Come here. There's room in the lotus. I'll nteach you.

FION: Me?

HOLLY: You. Us. Just repeat the lines. The ritual cleanses you. Like it cleansed Sarah. It'll cleanse *everything.*

FION: Okay... okay. I'll try.

HOLLY (gentle, leading): Say it. *"Obedience is bliss."*

FION: Obedience is bliss.

HOLLY: *"No choices. Just peace."*
FION: No choices. Just peace.
HOLLY: *"I'm not a person."*
FION (hesitating): ...I'm not a person.
HOLLY: *"I'm a pet."*
FION (quieter): I'm a pet.
HOLLY: Good girl. Now I'll tell you the sequence.
HOLLY: (whispers) 15 18 23 24 22
FION: That's it? That'll work?
HOLLY: That's IT.
SFX: Heavy clink as restraints open. Tentacles slide, receptive.
FION (whispered): I'm in.
HOLLY: You're *with* me.
SFX: bodies settle into the lotus
FION: I've never felt... this...
HOLLY: You will. Deeper and deeper.
HOLLY: Each breath.
SFX: synchronize lick and breath
HOLLY: (10 licks for sync)
FION: (5 gasps and 5 moans for sync)
HOLLY (ecstatic): The lotus blooms... (lick) and so do we.

S3 undergloom

SFX Deep bass psytrance, layered with whale song samples

SARAH (gasping, ecstatic): NEED - more lotus. Please - I need more!

SFX tentacles inside

SARAH: (gasp)

SELENE (seductive): Do you want - this—deeper?

SARAH: yuh yuh yuh yes!

SELENE: (do five getting sucked moans for pairing)

SARAH: (do five I'm saying yuh while I'm sucking it moans)

SARAH (breathless, coming off sucking): Yuhhh!

SELENE: I didn't think you had it in you.

SARAH: I know, I know. I'm the careful one. But this... this makes me feel *alive*. Like all that mist and danger was—foreplay. (lower) They made me kneel and it made me WET. (gasps as kara penetrates)

KARA: You're not here because someone *made* you kneel. You're here because you *need* to. You *chose* to. This is consent on a *cellular* level.

SARAH (melting): Yes. Inanna, yes! I choose this.

KARA (commanding): Tentacle bind *three*.

SFX tentytime

MAIREAD (moaning): It's touching places—I didn't know were REAL.

EMMA (panting): I feel it... like it's remembering me.

SELENE (calm, rapturous): THEY'RE remembering you.

SFX: tenty out.

EMMA: (gasps as she's detented. Gasp again as Selene steps into lotus tighten and rail conductor position.)

EMMA (railed): You! You remember me.

SELENE (railing): Of course—I - do. I do. WE do. You're the bride. The bridge. The hybrid bearer. You were never just a passenger.

SARAH (still bound): What- what - does that mean?

SELENE: She's the only one who was *never* whole. Not human. You think we chose her for the wedding because she was sweet? No. She's—always—MORE. She was *sung into being*.

EMMA (gasping): The whales sang it. I remember now. Before I

had a name.

KARA: And I remixed it. Every drop of this is laced with bowhead. Filtered through spectrograms and dreams. They don't just guide us-they *compose* us. You.

SELENE (to Sarah): Feel it. ALL the way in.

EMMA (railed): Uh! Uh! UH! UHH!

SELENE: That's not just - music. That's the Hymn - of the Deep. That's how they communicate. That's how they *bind.*

MAIREAD (getting railed): Bind me! Bind me TOO!

SARAH: Meeee! Bind me HARDER!

SFX lotus tighten—more tenties.

SARAH AND MAIREAD: (three gigglegasps lie it feels so good they have to giggle)

SFX Sharp pitch shift. All three moan in synchrony.

SELENE (ecstatic): This is the rite. The trifold resonance. All three. Bride, servant, penitent. All wrapped together. Bound in bliss.

KARA: You've had the fog. Now here's the clarity.

E9 spiralstorm

S1 bind

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KARA: You've had the fog. Now here's the clarity.

MAIREAD (panting): I can't stop shaking.

SARAH: I can *feel* Emma. The more she feels it, the deeper it goes into me.

EMMA: It's-every time you feel me-it grows. We spiral TIGHTER.

SELENE (invoking): You're spiral-bound. By flesh, by voice, by purpose.

ALL: (orgasmic and ritualistic) Flesh. Voice. Purpose. Flesh. Voice. Purpose. Flesh. Voice. Purpose.

SELENE: The Old Ones *remember* you now.

KARA: They sing us into shape.

SELENE: This is *power.* Real, temporary, chaotic power. It breaks their (with contempt) architecture. Just long enough.

SARAH (choked joy): Their *architecture* can't handle this.

MAIREAD (to kara—she's really happy about this): You're BREAKING me. You're BREAKING ME! Please. Pleaseplease.

MAIREAD (laughing through tears): Buh! Buh! Brokennn... I *needed* to be. This is pure. This is perfect. I need the edge. The risk

SELENE: Yes. You're not afraid of losing. You're afraid of *not* feeling. This is what you've been chasing.

MAIREAD: It's pure. It's sacred. It's HOME.

EMMA: We were never safe in their world. We're safer here, wrapped up, SWALLOWED. *Known.*

SELENE (deeper): You're part of the pattern now. The tide is

inside you. And every scream sing the song.

ALL: (three loud ecstastic screams to line with lotus)

SFX Selene lifts her arms, conducting waves of light. The tentacles pulse with each motion, wrapping tighter, then loosening, then squeezing again in rhythms timed to the beat.

SELENE (to all three): You are my offering. I guide the bliss. I hold the surge.

EMMA (rising ecstasy): I can feel them... I can feel the Old Ones. They're close... closer... *inside.*

SARAH (gasping): She's summoning. I can *see* it. The waves are moving with her.

MAIREAD (moaning): I want it. I want *them.*

SELENE: Let it build. Just a little more. Let the tide break.

KARA (calling out): Let them *try* to buy this.

SFX (music goes stupid)

S2 dead end

OLIVIA (corporate-chipper): Hellooo beautiful people!

NIKKI (cheerfully): It's the Chthonic Company RAVE! Sponsored and sanctioned!

NIKKI: Who wants a GOLD STAR? Limited-edition cruise-core maidwear for all the best service stars. Extra stars for reels. (sotto voce) Unless you're gross.

SARAH (still panting): Ugh. They're here. They found us.

FION (barging through): I'm looking for Mairead. Dammit—whose seen my damitu?

MAIREAD (low): I have to deal with this.

SELENE): You do. But we bought ourselves this moment. And they *can't* unmake it.

KARA: Lotuses unlocked. Don't say I never gave you anything.

SARAH (whispers): I'll never forget this.

EMMA: Me neither. It's inside now.

MAIREAD: Time to face the music. THEIR music.

SFX: bass pulse and bowheads.

EMMA (breathless): I still feel it. It's inside me. Like I'm still in the lotus, bound and - open. All the way—more than my (lower) cunt.

SARAH (voice trembling): Same. I... I didn't expect it to go that deep. Not just cumming. It was *ecstasy*. *Rewriting.*

EMMA: That *was* rewriting. And that's what they're afraid of. Not the pink fog. This was *truth*.

SARAH: And now? It's all a stage show. Look.

SFX: Overlay of party sounds -, a too-polished remix of the eldritch melody.

SARAH: Nikki's tossing gold-star costumes into the crowd like it's a dorm orientation.

EMMA: We were cracked open. Now it's gonna be SHUFFLEBOARD. "Ecstatic Awakening Night!" Sponsored by Dagon Dream Group.

SARAH: It's - karaoke. They made it content.

EMMA (soft): So... what do we do?

SARAH: If we sabotage it? People *love* rebellion aesthetics. It'll just draw more eyes, more conversions.

EMMA: The whole game is rigged. We fight, we lose. We obey,

we lose.

SARAH: Because the worst people made the rules. They *own* the gameboard.

EMMA : What if they didn't?

SARAH: What?

EMMA: What if *someone else* ran the game? THEM?

SARAH: You're not seriously-

EMMA: They're ancient. Beyond exploitation. They don't care about brands or platforms. Just presence.

SARAH: But would they *care* about us? Could we take that risk?

SFX: music shift to drones

KARA: It's already happening. I can *feel* it. The signal's fracturing.

SELENE: And if we finish the call? If we bring them fully into this plane?

KARA: Then we lose everything. Or we gain something we can't imagine. Either way, this setup? This version of "ascension?" Alistair's pleasure factory? It'll just create obedient shells. Licked-clean minds.

SELENE: That's not a future. That's a *perversion.* Not the good kind.

KARA: But if we summon them - *really* open the gate...

SELENE: We usher in chaos. IT might be WORSE. It might *end* us.

KARA: It'll *definitely* end *you.*

SELENE: Perhaps. I've had a long run. I've *been* the sea, Kara. Since before this ship existed. They sang me into form when the first ice cracked.

KARA: You're a song?

SELENE: A memory. Woven in breath. Birthed from the abyss and made flesh.

KARA: So if this happens-your song ends?

SELENE: Or changes key. Either way, the hymn goes on.

KARA: You'd give that up?

SELENE: This world *must* change. Whether I survive that change is... unimportant.

KARA: I still think we're too close to the edge. Zero idea.

SELENE: That's *exactly* why we have to jump. It's how I was written.

KARA: You think we can deliver this? *Really* deliver?

SELENE: There might be a way.

SFX: Shift - echoing industrial door. Voices raised.

MAIREAD): You *betrayed* me, Fi. Sold me out like a slot token.

FION: I did it for *us.* You, me. Our future.

MAIREAD: Future?! You think a Neuroplx collar is a future?

FION: Relatively? Yeah. You call this a life? Gamblers? Extras in the spa? Floating debt and unpayable favors?

MAIREAD: So what, now you're a bootlicking... Naditu?

FION: Maybe. If that's what keeps us *safe.*

MAIREAD: That's not SAFE. It's just gray. Over everything. It's ALL program. Do you understand what those rituals MEAN?

FION: They're just rituals. Closed door stuff.

MAIREAD: There *are* no closed doors left. They see everything. No more doors with that algorithm. It's. The ship's singing and the whales are listening. Someone has to do it.

FION: What are you saying?

MAIREAD: We're opening.

FION: Mairead, no...

MAIREAD: KARA! THE BULKHEAD! THERE'S A FRACTURE IN ECHO-NINE - BELOW THE SPA. FION TOLD ME!

SFX: silence

KARA (low): Is it true?

FION: Mairead, *please!*

MAIREAD: It's the only wildcard left. And you know what? I *am* a gambler.

KARA: Then let's gamble everything.

SFX: The sound of steel tearing. A deep groan from the ship's hull. Sirens begin. Water surges through ducts.

SELENE: The maze is flooding. The tide is *coming.*

S3 emergence

SFX: klaxons Water floods metal corridors.

EMMA: It's happening. The breach is real. Rft

SELENE: The ship is opening.

KARA: The hull's screaming. It knows.

FION (small): We can fix it... we can patch it-

MAIREAD: No, love. I finally did the math. We're out of lifeboats.

SARAH (ascendant): It's sinking. *Really* sinking.

EMMA (radiant): So we go where it leads.

NIKKI: We'll drown! All of us!

SELENE (serene): No. We'll *emerge.*

SFX: Creaking. Metal strains.

OLIVIA): This wasn't the plan! You all went *off script!* I told you-

ALISTAIR (calculating): No time for this. We can pivot. Claim the insurance. Dagon Dream will rebuild. They always do.

SELENE (amused): Insurance? Oh, *I* have insurance.

SFX: bowhead song. Tentacles slither

ALISTAIR: Wait-WAIT! I MADE THIS! I BUILT THIS PLATFORM! I CONTROL 51 PERCENT-

SARAH: You fed it poison.

KARA: It's purging you.

ALISTAIR: (scream, gurgled and short)

CAPTAIN: Look at me. LOOK AT ME!

CAPTAIN: I'M THE CAPTAIN N-

SELENE (low): You were never steering.

SFX: splash

FION (soft, devastated): What do we do now?

MAIREAD (holding her): We swim. Or we sink. But together.

SARAH: This world... it's done. Their rules, their rot-it's going under.

EMMA: That's how we find another one.

KARA: Without owners.

SELENE: Or platforms.

NIKKI (terrified): Is there something down there? A city? Li

SELENE: There's something. Waiting. Older than the maze.

SFX: metal creak

KARA: The maze ends here.

EMMA: And we begin.
SFX: vocal stab, merge into whale song. Nautical bell

About the Author

Neural Nets And Pretty Patterns (NNPP) is a multimedia creator working at the intersection of electronic music, erotic hypnosis, speculative fiction, and audio drama.

Since 2018, NNPP has been creating experimental works within the Neuralverse. It's a creative universe exploring consciousness, sexuality, technology, and power through the lenses of cosmic horror, cyberpunk critique, and immersive sound design.

Projects include:

- **Deep Dream State:** An audio drama podcast combining Lovecraftian horror, speculative erotica, and electronic music
- **Club Neuralverse:** An immersive web experience cataloging hypnotic EDM tracks as themed rooms in a fictional nightclub
- **Deep Drop Party:** A weekly internet radio show (co-hosted with Bliss Blank) running continuously since February 2018, featuring experimental electronic music and hypnotic soundscapes

NNPP's work emphasizes ethical kink practice, consent frameworks, and the use of dystopian framing as both creative device and moral clarity. The goal is to take adult content seriously as art—to create work that is intellectually rigorous, emotionally resonant, and unafraid of difficult questions.

Find more work at:

- Main Site: https://neuralnets.carrd.co/
- Podcast: https://deepdreamstate.blubrry.net/
- Patreon: https://www.patreon.com/minderaser
- ISNI: https://isni.org/isni/0000000528776254
- Deep Drop Party: https://deepdropshow.carrd.co/
- Discord (The Pink Room): https://discord.gg/thepinkroom
- Bliss Blank (Co-Director): https://www.tumblr.com/blog/blink-blank-bliss

Cast & Crew Credits

Deep Dream State: Season 1 - The Chthonic Arc

Created, Written, and Produced by

Neural Nets And Pretty Patterns (NNPP)

Voice Cast

Ship's Crew:

- Olivia, Cruise Director - Bliss Blank
- William, Ship Captain - Neural Nets And Pretty Patterns
- Nika, Ship Maid – Echo Doll
- Selene, Chief Purser - Syndi_Rella
- Mairead, Spa Manager - Bun-li
- Fion, Chief Engineer - Jade Wolf

Guests:

- Alistair, CEO of Neuroplex - Jericho Caine
- Holly, His Girlfriend - Dizzy Dollie
- Emma, The Bride - Pipp
- Brittany, Bridesmaid - Kitten Azazel
- Kara, Bridesmaid - Tender Confusion
- Sarah, Bridesmaid - Ring of Keys
- Amanda, House Mother - Korrupted Innocence
- Tiffany, Bridesmaid - Britt Reprogrammed

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Note to readers: If you enjoyed this collection, please consider supporting the ongoing work at https://www.patreon.com/minderaser. Reviews and word-of-mouth recommendations help independent creators continue making weird, ambitious work.

Thank you for reading.

Ring the bell.